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We beg to state that we decline to return or to enter into correspondence as to rejected communications; and to this rule we can make no exception. Manuscripts not acknowledged within four weeks are rejected.

NOTES OF THE WEEK.

Mr. Asquith proclaims "Peace in sight," so the week ends in a cheerier mood than last. This address to his Liberal friends in the House was obviously framed with a view to the approaching ballot of miners. Mr. Asquith reckoned that optimism was likely to sweeten the men's minds to a favourable answer. Perhaps he was right; perhaps he was justified, though a more accurate description of the situation would have been simply "calmer weather." Peace is not really in sight when everything hangs on a vote which is quite uncertain; or, if it is in sight, there are some very nasty shoals to get through first. Current belief at this moment is that the vote will be for going back to work, and then the strike will be over. The thought has a very strong wish for its father, but may yet be legitimate. Will the men be swayed by wisdom or British bull-dog resolve to see the thing through?

If Mr. Asquith may be excused his optimism, he cannot be excused for allowing sharp practice on his side in getting the Minimum Wage Bill through the Lords. Some kind of a guide to the joint boards in their calculation of a minimum rate was necessary, and the Government agreed to "the prevailing wage rates" instead of "the average daily rate". The change was to be made in the Lords, but when the time came to do it, Lord Crewe cried off. He pretended "a misunderstanding" and shuffled with excuses that the change might put the miners off, and in any case it would make little difference either way. The parties to the dispute thought otherwise; what Lord Crewe thinks is nothing. Lord Crewe has had to make many apologies to the Lords for his party, but never for so

mean a trick as this. The plain truth is the Government deliberately went back on their word for fear of offending the Labour extremists. They induced the owners to leave the matter over to be settled in the Lords, and when it came to the Lords they refused to make the amendment they had promised. No little police court solicitor could do a meaner thing. The Lords let the Government off lightly, indeed. They should at all costs have put in the amendment that the matter might be thrashed out in the Commons.

This spoils the good effect of Mr. Asquith's firmness in getting the Bill through the Commons without the wage figures in face of much pressure by the Labour members. Mr. Asquith was running well; who did hinder him that he should not obey the truth? Apparently an emotional speech by him (reminiscent of the oratory of the ancients which was regularly lacrimose) converted Mr. Bonar Law and the Unionist party to the Bill. The Bill had not changed, and if it was impossible the week before we should have thought it was bad now. True, circumstances had changed; the crisis was more acute, so the Opposition have their excuse. But we still do not see that anything done by the unenforceable Act could not have been better done otherwise.

The total result of all the negotiations and debates is this: The Government has been unable to bring miners and mine-owners to a formal Joint Conference. The Bill was kept waiting to the last moment in the hope that the parties would meet; but on Tuesday Mr. Asquith had to confess that he had failed. The miners' leaders, unwilling to accept the Bill on their own responsibility, have ordered an immediate ballot of the men. The question put is: "Are you in favour of resuming work pending a settlement of the minimum rates of wages in the various grades by the district boards to be appointed under the Mines (Minimum Wage) Act?" The Bill was passed on Thursday, and is now law.

One effect of the coal strike was dwelt on by Mr. Balfour in his City speech. Home Rule and Disestablishment have "retired in the public estimation into the far distance". Mr. Balfour, coming back to politics,

which he left at a time when everyone's thoughts were concentrated on the Government's Easter programme, is perhaps more profoundly aware of the change than those who have seen it coming. Mr. Balfour was careful to dissociate the strike itself from the language of Mr. Wedgwood and the Syndicalists. The position to which these extremists are driving the country is in Mr. Balfour's view likely to be far more serious than any within the memory "of any living man or in any period which has succeeded the first Reform Bill". The doctrines urged upon their Front Bench by many of the extreme Labour men are "sheer political lunacy". "I do not believe", Mr. Balfour continued, "that they represent the opinions—the considered opinions—even of the strikers at this moment."

The Consolidated Fund Bill gave an opportunity on two nights to those who are briefed for Syndicalism and to its opponents to display their views. The Attorney-General on Monday had to meet the formal and furious attack of Mr. Wedgwood, Mr. Lansbury, and other Radicals and Socialists directed against him for the prosecutions of the printers of the "Syndicalist" and their consequent imprisonment, as well as for the prosecution of Crowsley, the man who distributed copies of the "Syndicalist" amongst soldiers, and for that of Mr. Tom Mann, who in a public speech had admitted responsibility for the article as published. Mr. Grayson has up to now not been arrested, though he has done his best to qualify for martyrdom.

The Attorney-General was taunted by his unreasonable party friends with having prosecuted Mr. Mann because he was not a Privy Councillor—an Ulster allusion, of course. This was perhaps the most audacious thing in a debate that was all mere raving. Mr. Mann without friends? As if he were not dragging the whole Labour party at his heels, and what about all the uproar as to his bail! Sir Rufus Isaacs showed how impossible it was not to prosecute Mr. Mann, when the other parties to the same offence were in prison. The other denunciations of the Wedgwood party were directed against "the shooting of strikers by soldiers"; and they undertook to defend the "Syndicalist" for its incitement to mutiny. It did not need Sir Rufus Isaacs' advocacy to show that there was no sense in all this. No strikers as such would be fired on, but only rioting strikers; and the language of the "Syndicalist" could not be construed as argument against the employment of soldiers in strikes, but was a clear incitement to soldiers not to obey orders. The assertion that the Incitement to Mutiny Act, 1797, was obsolete and "musty" was met by the conclusive answer that the Act is read out to soldiers every three months. It is one of the least "musty" of statutes.

On Wednesday Mr. Ormsby Gore moved what he admitted was an academic resolution—that Syndicalism was an anti-social policy and the incitement to mutiny a grave danger to the State. Mr. Hobhouse for the Government agreed in what Mr. Ormsby Gore had to say of Syndicalism, but intimated that the Government had a resolution which they preferred about "removing causes of discontent" and so on. It was just as academic as Mr. Ormsby Gore's. Here Mr. Hewins intervened. Mr. Ormsby Gore had very much confused syndicalism with socialism, and Mr. Hewins easily showed that the ideals and principles of syndicalism are as opposed as the poles to the general views and aims of socialism, an explanation much needed for many people who hate Syndicalism quite rationally but are ignorant of the distinction between it and Socialism.

The whip issued to the House of Commons on Monday by backers of the Conciliation Bill condemned the "violence and unwisdom" of the window-breakers, but it implored all advocates of woman suffrage not to allow this militant behaviour to influence their votes. All through the week suffragists of the milder sort

have been distinguishing themselves from the women whose trials were busily proceeding at Bow Street. It was even urged by supporters of the Bill that passing it would avenge the innocent tradesmen whose windows the militants had smashed. It is true that the W.S.P.U. hoped that the Conciliation Bill would come to grief in the House of Commons in order that their tactics might in their own eyes be justified. But all the efforts of the moderate societies to distinguish themselves from the window-breakers have only shown that no distinction can in practice or in reason be made. There is no middle way. There are suffragettes, and anti-suffragettes.

Mr. Asquith told the House on Thursday that they would be able to measure with some approach to accuracy when the numbers were announced what was the degree of advancement in public estimation of woman suffrage since it was last submitted. This "degree of advancement" (measured by defeat of the Bill on second reading) is due to recognition that the Conciliation Bill must stand or fall on the root principle. As Mr. Asquith pointed out, the question was "whether or not the distinction of sex ought to be regarded as a ground of discrimination". Admit the principle, and you open the way to window-breakers and moderates alike. That way by-sexual adult suffrage lies, as Lord Helmsley insisted.

The militant suffragettes will raise a chorus of "We told you so; the House of Commons is not to be trusted". They have put a stigma on the whole movement, and the movement has, partly for this reason, failed. But, having helped to determine the House to reject the Bill, they will exclaim upon the House for its perfidy. What the militants have really done by their absurd tactics is to open the eyes of many of the more light-hearted supporters of the movement to its real character and to its logical results. Tactically the House of Commons refusal of the Conciliation Bill may be described, as Sir Edward Grey tried to show in advance, victory for militants. But really it is not possible to distinguish. The rejection of the Bill is defeat of the whole movement, as the militants will soon learn.

Mr. and Mrs. Pethick Lawrence and Mrs. Pankhurst were committed for trial at Bow Street on Thursday on the charge of conspiracy. The militant suffragettes admit that the blow is hard; but Miss Christabel writes from her hiding-place that the Government will "tear the stars from the sky" before they break the window-breakers of their ways. Evidence submitted in prosecution of the leaders has brought out the evil nature of the ascendancy which the more violent spirits of the W.S.P.U. have gained over the younger women. We have been able to see something of the system of bullying and hard persuasion which drove Mr. Billington Greig to denounce the methods of the Pankhurst family.

Mr. William O'Brien does not think Home Rule can pass without another general election. The Insurance Act has killed it. It will always be something of a puzzle why Mr. Redmond permitted the Government to carry the Insurance Act before taking up Home Rule. Probably, like Mr. Lloyd George, he fancied that the Insurance Act would be popular. He thought it would be well to give the Government the time and chance to get firm in the saddle with a popular, before tackling an unpopular, measure. To Mr. Redmond, as to the Government, the disastrous by-elections have come as a shock. Mr. O'Brien sees in Mr. Redmond's surrender of Home Rule the crowning of his former tactical blunders as a leader. Mr. O'Brien is not in giving this opinion merely playing for effect. Rather than confess the dreadful position to his fellow-countrymen, he has refused to address a single meeting until after the Home Rule Bill has been introduced.

Mr. T. W. Russell, rejected by the Development Commissioners, cuts rather a foolish figure in view of

his boasting assurances of last November to the Council of Agriculture. Urging that the Irish Agricultural Organisation Society should be deprived of the grant, Mr. Russell promised that Ireland should not lose the money. It would merely be taken from the I.A.O.S. and given into the administration of a body responsible to Parliament. "I believe", he said, "that the Development Commissioners will accept this solution of the difficulty". But Mr. Russell's application has already been once refused. England and Scotland have their share of the grant. Ireland, thanks to Mr. T. W. Russell, is still waiting for hers.

Mr. Russell's defeat is good news for the friends of Sir Horace Plunkett and the I.A.O.S. Mr. Russell has, from his first arrival, plotted to destroy the work of the Organisation. Nationalist politicians hate this organisation of Irish farming, as *Æ* has shown, because it is a voluntary movement to restore Irish prosperity. The only other class in Ireland which hates it (from self-interest) is the small trader who finds that he is unable to drive his bargain as hardly as he used to do with farmers who are being organised and educated. Enemies of the I.A.O.S. charge the Society with being political. This is absolutely without foundation. Nationalists and Home Rulers want to destroy the I.A.O.S., not because it is political, but because it is independent of the politics of Home Rule.

The Small Holdings policy of the Government is surely the most ridiculous concoction of socialism and individualism ever mixed by a man in a muddle. The Government will not suffer the small holder to be small owner because that is individualism. Yet this week it puts up Mr. Runciman in the House of Commons to announce that the small holder must on no account be baffled—through ownership—in his ambition to become presently a big holder! Thus it turns out that the Government is in favour of establishing the very class of farmers which it is also in favour of supplanting. In one breath it declares for small farmers to supplant the big ones; in the next breath it announces that nothing must be done to prevent these small men from becoming big ones. Mr. Runciman, so far as we can make out, is trying at the same moment to toe two lines leading in absolutely different directions.

The Unionist Social Reform Committee has its report on Poor Law Reform ready. It has been a considerable task, on which much expert advice has been taken. As might be expected, it is neither "majority" nor "minority" entire. The report will not be made public until after Easter. It is satisfactory to find so many Unionist members keen and competent to deal with this matter.

Ten years ago last Tuesday Cecil Rhodes died at Muizenberg, with a general direction to "those about him" "when I'm gone" to "follow the Governor"—Lord Milner. But he left his specific work to Dr. Jameson, who now resigns the leadership of the Opposition in the Union Parliament to Sir Thomas Smartt. At the funeral in the Matopos the Matabele Chiefs, to whom the care of the grave was committed, swung round as one man towards Jameson, their paramount Chief from that hour. In due course "The Doctor" became a director of De Beers and of the British South Africa Company. As resident executor the estates of the Rhodes Trustees were under his direction, both in Cape Colony and in Rhodesia, where naturally the old Administrator had a pull. In England, as in Africa, Rhodes' organisation became his, the same secretary, the same solicitor.

These may have been advantages—if so, his character had earned them. But no happy start or luck in his ground could have brought Jameson to that place in the sub-continent where his character and capacity carried him later. And the unhappy Raid was a near and most damning memory. His first session in the Cape House Jameson effaced himself,

maintaining a complete dignity under the bitter and sustained baiting of Mr. Sauer and his kind. By March 1902 his demeanour had impressed people, but he was still an almost silent private member. Before March 1904 he had become leader of the Progressive Party and its reorganiser, had driven the Bond from office, and was Prime Minister of the Cape Colony.

That unification which Rhodes did not live to see, Jameson, more than any other man, accomplished. It was Jameson's handling of South Africans, Dutch as well as English, which brought about the Selborne Memorandum, the National Conference, and the Act of Union. All that could be done to eliminate race from the South African Union, and to carry on its government, by the co-operation of its best men, Dutch and English, Jameson did. His patience has been proverbial; but while his example is not lost on the best South Africans of either race, he has not succeeded.

Sir Thomas Smartt's work is now cut out for him. We have seen how deliberate and persistent is the extremists' intention of turning out Englishmen from the public service of South Africa and replacing them by Dutchmen. Against that movement General Botha and his colleagues offer little or no resistance. And what of the Government's attitude in the Defence debate at Capetown on Monday? General Botha has abounded in professions of the larger patriotism. But, faced with Major Silburn's motion of a contribution by the Union to the British Navy, calculated on the value of South Africa's sea-borne trade, General Smuts' attitude is miserably evasive. The Minister of Defence told the House that the cost of defence would be greater than he had anticipated in moving the second reading of the Defence Bill. The "time was not ripe for a definite conclusion", and the question should be reserved for future discussion. Pertinent is Sir Percy Fitzpatrick's declaration that unless within a year or two South Africa contributes as she ought, she may wake up too late to find the enemy holding her coasts.

The Kaiser's visits to his allies have been brief, but there is no reason to doubt that they have been successful. Between Austria and Germany there is no ground of difference, and the line they propose to pursue in certain contingencies is probably well known already. With Italy the case is different. Very grave discontent was naturally felt in Berlin at the attack on Turkey, Germany's particular protégé, and for a time German influence at Constantinople was seriously shaken. The German Ambassador's great diplomatic capacity has succeeded in persuading the Young Turks that Germany is still their best friend though her allies have both been robbing them.

It was rumoured that the particular object of the Kaiser's visit to Venice was to persuade King Victor Emanuel that any attempt on the part of the Italian fleet to attack the Dardanelles would be disastrous to the general policy of the Triple Alliance and would raise a storm in the Balkans the end of which no man could see. The story seems to be confirmed by the statement that the Italian fleet has been ordered back to Taranto after a somewhat aimless cruise in the *Ægean*. The Italian prospects do not improve with the lapse of time and the approach of the summer.

The motor crimes in France quite outclass the detective stories of the sixpenny magazines. Whole parties held up and murdered and the robbers escaping with the booty in a fast car is a prospect that adds new terrors to the road. Hounslow Heath in the eighteenth century was child's play to this, and the worst of it is that it might easily happen anywhere and to anyone. A taxi-cab strike in Paris, with sergents de ville seated on the boxes of those who dare to ply, adds to the amenities of life across the Channel. After all, even with a coal strike the actual danger to life, limb, and property is much less here.

As Mr. Hugh Law very sensibly observes in a letter to the "Morning Post" this week, the idea that the average man requires the aid of the Censor as a protection against outrage is, literally, preposterous. It is not the average man who requires protection, but the person who disagrees with him. The late Joint Committee on Stage Plays were groping after this very obvious truth when they made their famous recommendation that the Censorship should be optional. This solution, by the way, is definitely rejected by those who see mostly clearly into the difficulties of the question. No half-way solution has appeared as yet between letting loose the average man upon the theatre and letting loose the theatre upon the average man. Once we begin with the Joint Committee to set things right, we are logically driven to the single licence for both theatre and music-hall—the average man to shift for himself, except that in the theatre, as in other public places, he is under ordinary protection of the law.

The scheme of the King Edward Memorial Committee was the subject of discussion in the House of Commons on Wednesday. Two things emerge from the discussion; first, that hardly anyone has a good word to say for the Green Park design. The reason alleged—namely, that memorials would spoil the parks and reduce the acreage of grass—would not be a good reason if the memorials were worth having; but it serves its turn. Second, it is clear that everyone approves of the Shadwell Park scheme and would gladly see more still of the money devoted to that object. In face of this the committee will be well advised to cut down the sculpture of the West End memorial still further: put up a simple life-sized statue, and save the money for the East.

The influences uppermost in the committee were those that determined the Queen Victoria Memorial and other matters of taste in the late reign. Let us hope that there will now be an end of them. The memorials of our kings, from those that in the Abbey still owned the pressure of a power above kings down to William IV., were on a modest, human scale. With the Victoria Memorial, following on the Albert, we broke out into a new kind of swagger. Examples of it were to be found already in France, in Germany, and pre-eminently in Italy. In Rome, in Naples, in other cities we have become accustomed to those huge pieces of rampant, but at least vigorous vulgarity. The Victoria Memorial rivals them in scale, but differs in this respect, that its vulgarity is timid, not vigorous.

The Senate of the University of London has been made unhappy this last week by the promise of a very splendid gift. There is an opportunity of acquiring, through a clearance on the Duke of Bedford's estate, a large site immediately adjacent to the British Museum and its library, obviously the right place for a University building. Several public-spirited people have taken steps to obtain, and other generous people have given, large sums towards the purchase of this site. The only reason put forward against the scheme (apart from questions of amour propre) is that South Kensington is a less dusty quarter for scientific experiments. There is perhaps something in this, as far as the scientific departments are concerned, and these departments would more properly group round the Natural History Museum. Why not then have two buildings for different groups of faculties?

The C.U.B.C. should look after its cox. We have unfortunately grown accustomed to Blues still up giving their views to the Press, even of events in which they are themselves competitors. But they have hitherto figured in papers that count. Mr. Skinner exhibits himself in "Answers". It may be a gratification to him to make a show before under-scuttlermaids and pot-boys; but his president should keep him in order for the sake of the University.

THE COAL BALLOT.

IF things turn out well, as seems to be expected by those best able to judge, the result of the miners' ballot will leave us exactly in the position we should have been in a week ago had the miners' leaders accepted then what their followers will have accepted since. This seems to convict the Labour leaders of great folly, or of great ignorance of the disposition of their own people. To continue the strike for a week or ten days only to accept terms at first refused is, on the face of it at any rate, wanton waste of their union's resources, wanton disregard of the sufferings of non-combatants thrown out of work by their dispute, and wanton carelessness of the injury to national trade. Certainly the men get no more materially than they would have got a week ago, and morally and politically they get very much less. Had they jumped at the Government Bill as a way out of the difficulty more favourable to them than they could have expected, the miners would have scored all round. They would have had the State recognition of the principle of a minimum wage, and we believe a general conversion of public opinion to that principle, though there is undoubtedly a strong and in no sense negligible body of opinion against it. They would have had precisely as good a chance of getting the actual rates they demanded as now. They would have won the ostensible point for which they entered on the strike, and avoided making a single unsuccessful demand in Parliament. They could fairly have claimed to be reasonable and moderate, willing to try any honest means of ending the trouble. Tactically they would have scored against the owners; for the public is not nicely discriminating and in its joy at the end of the strike would probably have lauded the miners' good sense, and been inclined to censure the owners because some of them did not agree at once to accept the minimum principle which Parliament had approved. The public would have been satisfied that the principle of a minimum wage was the beginning and end of the whole business—a conclusion very advantageous to the miners. So obvious, indeed, in every way are the advantages the miners' side would have gained, compared with their present position, had they accepted the Government terms at once that it is really difficult to account for their leaders not advising them to do so. One cannot conceive them unable to see the points in their favour, and it is not easy to believe they expected seriously that the House of Commons would put their proposed rates of wage in figures in the Bill against the Government's lead. They would have been incredibly astray with the calculation of the position. There must have been other considerations behind their action. Mr. Walsh, the miners' agent and M.P. for Ince—a type of Labour member of which it were well for Parliament and still better for the Labour party had it many more examples—plainly would have liked to accept the terms of the Bill, if the decision had rested with him. Apparently at that time the Labour leaders, including the Miners' Federation delegates, thought there was no chance of the mass of the men agreeing to accept. So they made a virtue of necessity and boldly asked for much more than they hoped to get. Thus they could say at any rate they had fought hard and tried to get the best terms. What may have influenced the men, if anything has, to accept the terms and agree to go back to work one cannot be sure. Strain, hardship, failing funds may have done it. But there was, perhaps we should say is, great danger of desperation, the Englishman's determination not to give in—dogged we call it in ourselves, in others obstinate—driving them to hold out at any costs. A long strain often hardens and induces recklessness of temper. There is also the reasonable feeling that having sacrificed and gone through so much, it is disastrous to give in after all and lose both ways. It was evidently difficult enough for those inside to gauge the situation, so perhaps it is futile for outsiders to attempt it. But it seems to the intelligent onlooker that the right thing would have been for the Government to act by resolution of the House and for the Labour leaders immediately to ask the Miners' Federation to take a ballot of its

members. If the ballot had been adverse, things would have been no worse than an adverse ballot will make them now; it had been favourable, ten days would have been gained. There is left but the third possibility that the result of a ballot might have been adverse then but favourable now.

One can understand, of course, the desire of the miners to get their own terms in black and white in the Bill. Just as some of the owners would, if they could, have kept the recognition of the minimum wage out of the Bill, so the miners wanted to get the actual figures in—first their schedule of rates beside the 5s. and 2s., then the 5s. and 2s. minimum only. It was a struggle between them, and we are not concerned to blame either party for trying to get the most it could. But the owners were wiser than the men in yielding the minimum wage with the air of a good grace. Whether or not it was because they realised they could be compelled to recognise it against their will, they had the sense to recognise necessity, and did not overreach themselves as did the Labour members. These, of course, were aware of the very great pressure they could put on the Government and the House by declaring that nothing was wanted to end the strike immediately but the acceptance in the Bill of a rate of wage the Government admitted not to be unreasonable and which public opinion would certainly endorse. The sense of the community would easily be that 5s. was not too much for the day's work of a man underground nor 2s. for a boy's. On the question of rates as between owners and men, we doubt if the public will be very greatly impressed by the owners' case. In fact, the public is not very much interested in the merits of the dispute at all. Some are prejudiced one way; some another. There is on the one side the fool who talks about a Maxim gun or two settling the whole thing in a few minutes; on the other side there is the fool who talks about "bloodsuckers" and "parasites". But the mass in between these care only that the strike shall end. All this, one must admit, made Mr. Asquith's position extremely trying; it required real courage to stick to his decision not to put in the 5s. and 2s. It is pleasant to find his better self reappearing after a long period of eclipse. What a pity it retired again into eclipse when it was a matter of keeping his promise as to the words of the direction to district boards about the basis of calculating a minimum wage. The decision to keep the figures out was right. Politically there is grave objection to fixing wage rates by Act of Parliament. The pressure put on candidates would be intolerable, and would tend to corruption. We have no doubt, as it is, that every member who spoke in favour of putting in the 5s. and 2s. will take good care, when next election comes, to remind his constituents that he did. We do not say, we do not at all think, that the State can never interfere beneficially in matters of rates and charges, but it would be mad to fix a general rate without regard to local circumstance. The miners' own schedule of rates proved it. It would indeed have been much more reasonable to put in the schedule than a flat minimum. The schedule is scientific in the sense that it is worked out with reference to varying conditions and places. It would have been a fair basis for discussion, had the House the experience and knowledge qualifying it for the task instead of conspicuously lacking it. In any case such work will be far better done by impartial local committees unconnected with political parties. The men's leaders' distrust of these bodies is the reverse of shrewd. They have nothing to fear from them. If we had to prophesy, we would venture that the men will generally get from these local tribunals (really, in most cases, the Chairman) not much less than their own schedule of proposed rates.

If the miners refuse to come in now; if they decide not to go back to work pending the settlement of rates by the district boards appointed by the Act, the position will be black, almost without relief. To the miners themselves it can only mean disaster. The whole country will be not only against them, but deeply resentful. By great multitudes of their fellow-citizens, less of the upper than of the labouring classes, they will be simply

hated—no other word can be used. The strain on the nerves of the nation will be excessive; bad temper and disorder will break out. The miners, in turn, conscious of their unpopularity and embittered by certainty of failure, would probably turn to violence. Military force can keep this down, and would, but it will be sad indeed if the good side of this painful struggle should be spoilt at the last moment. We must be ready for the worst, but we are glad to say we do not expect it.

THE WOMEN'S BILL.

"COMMON-SENSE at last!" is the exclamation with which every sane man and woman must greet the rejection of the so-called Conciliation Bill by the House of Commons. It is a common-sense which was expressed, not in words—as Carlyle pointed out, John Bull talks nonsense and acts sense—but by the perambulation of the lobbies. The speeches delivered were poor enough, merely a languid repetition of arguments already worn bare out of doors; but the events of the last few weeks seemed to have acted as a cold douche upon the national mind. A much-needed douche, for when hysterical sentiment, and the infection of a general womanliness, begin to translate themselves into strikes and window-smashing and syndicalism, accompanied by blubbing in high places, practical Mr. Bull thinks it time to pull up.

We have said that the speeches were stale, and the arguments mere iteration. The case has almost got beyond argument, especially after Sir Almroth Wright's letter in the "Times": the question is now reduced to one of temperament, because the real arguments against political feminism are physical, or medical, and do not lend themselves to discussion. Still, there are one or two arguments, outside the doctor's domain, which were reproduced in Thursday's debate, and with which it may not be amiss to deal briefly. The incredibly foolish proposal to base the votes of women on a property qualification, which the Government, in a few weeks or months, this session or next, is about to destroy as the basis of male votes, has received its quietus. There might have been something to be said for enfranchising a million women, who are occupiers in the legal sense, if the occupation of a rateable tenement for twelve months were not about to be supplanted by universal suffrage without any, or with the very smallest, qualification. Anyone but a feminist would see the absurdity of first of all denying that sex should be a distinction in the execution of a trust, and then proposing a distinction of sex as a qualification for the trust. If sex ought not to be a political distinction, women must vote on the same terms as men, and on no other. If all adult men are to vote, all adult women must vote, and that means increasing the electorate from 8,000,000 to 18,000,000—a nasty, invincible fact which, like prison-bars, cannot be shrieked or wept away. The House of Commons and the nation are not, we believe, prepared to entrust the government of the Empire to an electorate of 18,000,000, of whom the majority would be women, and so there, in reality, is an end to this tragico-comical business of the suffragettes.

Let us however "outargue the dogs", as well as out-vote them. To say that because some women now enjoy the municipal franchise, i.e. vote for borough and county councils, and even sit on those bodies, they are therefore and thereby qualified to vote at parliamentary elections, is to confuse the administrative with the legislative function. It is one thing to administer a law: another and a very different thing to make a law. To administer a law requires merely patience, common-sense, and some energy of good-will. To make a law requires a wide and varied experience of human nature and human affairs, as well as some practical training in a trade or profession. Nearly all men have most of these qualifications, in a greater or less degree: hardly any women have any of them. Borough and county councils, even district councils, are competent to administer the Insurance Act: would anyone entrust their members with the making of such an Act? Of course it had to be admitted on Thursday

that if women voted they must be voted for, and their admission to Parliament was welcomed by all the feminists except Lord Robert Cecil, who seems to think that a woman is strong enough to struggle with himself, and Mr. F. E. Smith, and Sir Rufus Isaacs in the Law Courts, but not strong enough to sit on soft green cushions and say Aye! or No! to the Speaker. In such pitiable entanglements of inconsistency will a clever man like Lord Robert Cecil involve himself, when once he has swallowed the delusion that shop-girls and housemaids and mill-hands talk as well and know as much as the accomplished women by whom he is surrounded.

We were treated on Thursday to a spectacle which we should say is without a precedent in the House of Commons since the Reform Act of 1832. On a question of first-rate political importance, the extension of the suffrage, the Prime Minister spoke and voted against the Bill, and the Secretary of State for Foreign Affairs spoke and voted for the Bill. The Prime Minister struck the root of the matter when he said it was one of sex. The Foreign Secretary talked unpardonable nonsense when he proposed to apply the physical force argument to the division lobby, or to the difference between himself and Mr. Baker. But we are not concerned with the arguments of Mr. Asquith and Sir Edward Grey. The point is, how far is this division of opinion in the Cabinet on a vital policy to be carried? The Government Suffrage Bill will probably be introduced and carried this Session: certainly next Session. The distribution of political power by means of the franchise has always been regarded as one of those questions which determine the fate of Ministries, on which a Cabinet must either be united or resign. How is the "open mind" of Mr. Asquith to be reconciled with the traditional doctrine of Cabinet responsibility?

THE NORTH AFRICAN DANGER.

IN one way the native of North Africa, the Mohammedan at any rate, is very like the camel he loads and ill-treats—he cordially detests his ruler. The camel is known to suffer from a state of chronic indigestion whilst he is doing work for man. This may not be so—it probably is by no means so—with the splendid racing camels of the Touareg and other tribes, but the ordinary beast of burden and merchandise is a confirmed dyspeptic and misanthrope. He detests his Arab master, and grows thin and miserable whilst in harness; whereas left to himself in peace for a week or more, and suffered to roam and browse at will, he at once begins to recover health and spirit and appears to be quite another creature. His submission under duress proves nothing to the contrary; and certainly no one who has watched the beast long or at all closely can for a moment imagine that it proves the least affection. Now the Arab, or say the native tribesman generally of the North African seaboard from Egypt to Morocco, has all the camel's repugnance for his rulers, and he has ten times more. The generous dreamers who have kindly plans for raising the political and moral status of these tribes cannot hope to be taken very seriously in that part of the world till they show they understand and sympathise with the one ruling desire of the people they would serve—the desire to shake off wholly and for ever the yoke of the accursed infidel. The Mohammedan—in this part of the world at least—does not want the vote nor a seat in a European Council or Parliament nor a minimum wage. He wants something quite different—he wants his own country for himself, and to be free henceforth and for ever of the Christian dog who has taken it away from him. When the amiable reformers and political missionaries come to recognise this perfectly simple and obvious truth they will really have mastered the A B C of the problem; as it is, they and their plans are simply looked on with contempt by the great mass of the native people, the contempt that can be worse perhaps than any hatred.

The distaste of the North African tribes for European rule is of course no new thing, but it has probably never

been so bitter and so general as it is to-day. The Morocco and Tripoli affairs, coming at the same time, seem to have opened wide the eyes of the blindest native people in this part of the world; the Arab from end to end of Africa now sees quite clearly that Europe intends to have the whole of the country. People in this country, and throughout Europe, are making an extraordinary mistake when they believe that only settle the war between Italy and Turkey somehow, or end it summarily one way or the other, and the North African difficulty will end. On the contrary, well-informed observers on the spot have a very uneasy notion that the difficulty, whether the war is soon ended or not, is really only just beginning. At the moment, naturally, Italy is the blackest sinner in the eyes of the North African. A few months ago the Italian was on the whole, even though he competed successfully in the labour market with the native, far less hated than the Frenchman in the Regency. Since the war in Tripoli broke out feeling has changed so that the Italian is now hated throughout that country more cordially than the Frenchman. The same change in a less marked degree has come about in Algeria. But this is merely a vogue or sentiment of the moment. A year or so from now and Italians, French, and English will probably share equally among themselves the Arab hate. What will there be to choose between them once the war is over? All three are infidel; all three have taken the country from the North African. This is the fact which Europe has to face now in her colonies or protectorates in North Africa, and it is a tremendously grave one too. Egypt may be a little quieter—at the surface at any rate—than it was a few years ago; and Algeria is prospering, or the Christian population at least is. But what of the third great European colony, Tunisia? We had hints a few months ago that the Tripoli business was disturbing the natives there, but it was announced that the French Government had been able easily to quell the disturbance; and Tunisia has therefore been reported as quite "safe" for four or five months past. The truth is, however, that Tunis to-day is the very reverse of safe. Not the city alone, the whole Regency, is seething with the spirit of rebellion, and within only the last few weeks the place has been again under the full rigour of martial law. Little or nothing of this is known in Europe—save of course at the Foreign Ministries—because the Government and the local press have kept the unpleasant secret very carefully. Even in North Africa itself European travellers need know next to nothing of what is going on. A man might travel the length and breadth of the Europeanised portion of Algeria, for example, and have not the least idea that the neighbouring colony is on the borderland of revolution. He will learn nothing from the natives because he cannot converse with them; whilst from the French people and from those Arabs who, superficially, have the European habit, he is likely to get nothing but astute silence on such a dangerous theme. Nevertheless here is the truth: Tunisia, the whole of it, is in a highly inflamed state, worse perhaps than even Egypt has been at its worst of late years; whilst Algeria, quieter because further off from Tripoli—though on the other hand nearer Morocco!—could not be counted on as safe or anything like it, if Tunisia were to rise to-morrow or next week with any real show of success. And there have been weeks of late in the Regency when such a rising by the entire native population appeared not merely possible but highly probable. Roughly, in Tunis itself are twenty-five thousand French people, with an effective army of only a few thousands, despite official figures. Against these numbers we have to calculate at least a hundred thousand natives. Besides, Tunis has nearly sixty thousand Italians; but what comfort can be drawn from the fact that the very people who at the moment are best hated by the would-be revolutionists are particularly numerous? The French Army is known beyond all doubt to be very effective and splendidly trained; and what work it has been called on to do of late in the Regency has been done with speed and decision. It stamped out the rebellion that actually

occurred a few months ago, and within the last few weeks—quite unobserved by Europe—it has seized the ringleaders of a fresh outbreak. But, notoriously, it is far too small to cope with a big and general outbreak throughout the country; and—let there be no mistake about it—this might happen any day whilst native feeling is in its present extremely dangerous state. If Italy were swept out of Tripoli to-morrow by the Arabs, Tunisia, it is quite likely, would rise and most probably the whole African seaboard would follow suit. It must never be forgotten that every Arab worth his salt believes that if he dies in the holy war he goes to the seventh heaven and is in perpetual bliss; and war against the infidel, whether he be Italian, Englishman or Frenchman, can only be a holy war. It is this religious motive, added to the natural objection which the native has to the European taking "his country", that makes the position so serious and threatening.

The natives then in the Regency are at the moment seething with revolution because they are mingled with Italians whose kith and kin are shooting Arabs in the neighbouring country of Tripoli. They have actually boycotted wholesale the trams in Tunis because the French decline to dismiss the Italian conductors and drivers and substitute natives instead! But the Italian business is only one feature of the difficulty. The Italians have a large and highly-trained army in Tripoli—an infinitely stronger force than any the French can muster in the neighbouring States—and in the natural course of events they should prevail in the end. Hence this particular phase may no doubt pass. But with it will not for a moment pass the North African difficulty and danger. To make sure of your Arab you must Europeanise him. What sign is there that such a thing is possible? One has heard it said quite lately in this part of the world by Europeans who have lived all their lives amongst the natives that not a single native could really be trusted, should the Holy War break out. One has been told by those who do not theorise but by those who should know, if anyone in the world should know, that the very Souks must rise if that war becomes at all general. Even the Bond Street tradesmen of North Africa must join the rioters when the revolution is well launched!

THE MINISTRY AND THE PRESS.

ON the whole the English Press has hardly distinguished itself during the strike, though an exception must be made in favour of the "Times". The Liberal journals in this matter do not exist as Liberal journals. They seem to have passed completely into the hands of the Labour leaders for the time being. There is a class of journalist which has come into existence of recent years known as the "descriptive reporter". He depends for his claims to "exclusive information" on scraps flung him by persons more or less distinguished, and in return he writes up his patron. But during this crisis he has been particularly ill-informed. The Labour leaders in the House, save in so far as they are miners' leaders also, knew little enough themselves; consequently, when the crucial moment arrived, and a large majority of the Cabinet refused to insert figures in the Bill, there was an outburst of hysteria on the part of the whole Radical Press. They knew they had woefully misled the ingenuous party-man who had still managed to retain any measure of faith in their vapourings. Sober Liberal members from Lancashire might have been heard bewailing the strange fit of hysteria developed by their favourite "Guardian". But the lowest depth was reached by a contributor to a halfpenny Radical sheet, principally known by his relationship to a really distinguished editor. This gentleman gravely informed the world that the Prime Minister "had earned the hatred of both sides" by his efforts. He must have been at the time the worst-informed or most malicious even of Radical scribblers, for in that very debate Labour representatives commended Mr. Asquith's untiring exertions and the fine temper he had shown,

and subsequently a manifesto of the coalowners has endorsed this. Writers of this class may believe they are helping their friend the Chancellor of the Exchequer. They certainly show a ready disposition to roll in the mud to serve their idol. Bismarck's "ink beasts" could not have done better. But to do Mr. Lloyd George justice he is not entirely without loyalty, and would not be grateful for this kind of adulation, expressed, as it is, through stupid abuse of his chief. As for Mr. Asquith, he deserves to be honoured in that he has never grovelled before the "descriptive reporter" or sought his equivocal aid to establish or add to his reputation. Therefore of course he is not persona grata in Press circles, not nearly so much so as Mr. Balfour, who has gone out of his way sometimes, betrayed by native kindness, to give undue recognition to pushful personalities of this class. Mr. Asquith has gauged more truly their real value and the honesty of their praise or blame. The Ministry then in their own newspaper world, with the notable exception of the "Westminster Gazette", have not "une bonne presse". It is not for them to complain of Unionist prints. But Unionists may, and do. No one can move at all among the best classes of London society, where opinion is weighed as well as strongly held, and not be aware of the widespread disgust at certain features recently developed in certain Unionist journalism. Its one object, at all events the only object in which it succeeds, is to imitate the baser forms of the American Yellow Press. We see flaring headlines and screaming epithets while tiny morsels of correct information are whipped up into a column or two of turgid prose when all the facts they contain could have been more effectively told in three short lines. A class that demands a newspaper "written by gentlemen for gentlemen" can hardly enjoy this kind of intellectual stimulus for long.

We are often astonished at the kind of stuff writers of this class put before their readers as the utterances of "a well-informed correspondent". It may be quite justifiable for an Opposition journal to try to discredit a Ministry, though it may not be good policy at the present moment. The Executive authority ought to be strengthened now, especially as Mr. Bonar Law has said we do not desire the responsibility of office.

Twenty men sitting down to consider the best way of dealing with a situation like the present will have nearly twenty points of view. The Chancellor of the Exchequer is well known to have differed from the Prime Minister, but having a large majority against him he gave way, voted for the Bill and replied vigorously to Mr. Ramsay Macdonald when he attacked it. Mr. Buxton would have taken the same line as Mr. Lloyd George, but being beaten he loyally supported his chief, and in fact himself piloted a great part of the Bill through. Again an entirely wrong impression about the attitude of the Foreign Secretary is widely circulated by "the well-informed". They must know very little about him. He is by no means the stern and unbending Whig we are always given to understand, but is in many respects a sentimental Radical, a really convinced Home Ruler, a woman's suffragist and many other things little consistent with his alleged political character. Those who have any information on the subject are aware that, with strong modifications, he was prepared to support the Lloyd George view on this occasion. Mr. Churchill inclines more and more away from sentimental Radicalism, and we believe that if he had had his way, the Minimum Wage Bill would hardly have been brought in before it had secured the support of both parties to the struggle. Still, if the miners vote for returning to work Mr. Asquith will score. The Cabinet at the present moment is undoubtedly inclining to the Right, but it does not depend on Tory votes. Ministerialists are still well aware that they must hang together to avoid hanging separately, and we cannot see the use of pretending they do not know it. In the end a great break-up of the existing Liberal Party is inevitable, but it has not come about yet, and will hardly do so for a while.

There is a further delusion cherished by the Unionist

Yellow Press which should be exposed. It has been continually stated that vast numbers of miners would return to work if the Government would state openly they would protect the mines. On at least three occasions members of the Ministry have promised this, and at all meetings with the coalowners they have assured them of it. But the answer has always been that they would not open the pits; it would not be worth their while till a large section, at all events nearly half of the men, were ready to return. Anyone who has believed that this would happen during the first weeks of the strike knows nothing of trade union feeling or the loyalty of these men to their class.

SYNDICALISM AND SOCIALISM.

SIR FORREST FULTON was no doubt quite right in suggesting to the grand jury in the "Syndicalist" case that their knowledge, if any, of Syndicalism was likely to be very recent. We may suspect that perhaps even his lordship's knowledge of it had been hastily acquired, as he appeared to identify it far too definitely with the views of socialists. It is much more satisfactory that an economist like Mr. Hewins, who is really learned in the matter, should have explained to the House of Commons on Tuesday that Syndicalism is not Socialism, but intense individualism and selfishness quite independent of any particular doctrine. The explanation was not unnecessary even in the House of Commons, where one may study every possible variety of Syndicalist, from those who excuse the most abominable incitement of soldiers to mutiny, down to the most innocent of trade unionists who declares that he has no sympathy with Syndicalism. The fact is we have got hold of a new scare word; and as it happens to be French, many of the British jury class are not aware that it does not necessarily mean socialism, and really means no more than trade unionism. They think it is a yet newer and more dreadful form of socialism than the earlier socialism of their crude imagination; and syndicalism is now for them the substitute for that idea of socialism, which was really their mistaking of it for anarchy. But the British public never does learn to distinguish, and it has now got into its head that all socialists are Syndicalists. It is thinking really of anarchists; and all, socialists or not, who incite soldiers to mutiny, and protest against the employment of the military in putting down strike riots, are indeed anarchists. But the Socialist-Syndicalist is only one of many kinds of Syndicalists. He was originally a variety of the French trade unionist who invented the method of the general or universal strike and destruction of property as a revolutionary method instead of the usual military rising of revolutionaries. We have no words of censure too strong for the method of the general strike; but it is a method only, and does not mark off the man who employs it as being a socialist from the man who does not as being a mere trade unionist.

A Syndicalist may be Liberal, Radical, trade unionist, socialist, anything almost, except a sound Conservative. Some of the leaders in the present strike are undoubtedly Syndicalists and Socialists, but there is no necessary connexion between their Socialism and their Syndicalism. Socialists have always included a section who have advocated violence, and the socialist leaders in engineering the general strike have, unfortunately, followed that school. Their model has been the French Syndicalists, and they have copied that feature of it which at once separates it from true socialism and turns it into anarchism. Anti-militarism is a special form of French socialism; and so far as our socialists here take part in the seduction of soldiers from their allegiance and fidelity, or excuse and defend it, they are helping to make the idea of any kind of society impossible, and in so doing are false to socialism.

Trade unionists and socialists alike have entered upon a disastrous course in being persuaded into the methods of Syndicalism. Whatever may be thought of the objects and aims either of trade unionism or socialism, it is plain that they have exchanged their

previously sane and rational methods for methods whose issue must be disastrous. Trade Unionism was steadily achieving its aims by joint bargaining or by Parliamentary action; socialism was trusting in educational propaganda and also on the growth of a constitutional party. They have lost most of the power they had acquired, and the direction of affairs has passed into the hands of the Syndicalists. Trade unionism and socialism both have acquiesced in taking part in a ghastly experiment with Syndicalism in making war upon society. Their joint experiment is bound to fail. It has failed in France whenever it has been tried; and both trade unionism and socialism have suffered from the reaction of outraged society. So it will be here, and trade unionism and socialism will discover that Syndicalism is not a valuable ally but a treacherous friend. Syndicalism for the time being has captured, at least in South Wales, the ear of the younger generation, and has taken the direction of affairs from the leaders of the older trade unionism and socialism. The majority have, for the time being, submitted to the direction of the Syndicalists; but no one believes that the majority of workmen are socialists. It is the foundation of the Conservative appeal to them that they are not. We thus see that it is ridiculous to identify Socialism with Syndicalism. There has been a certain dissatisfaction with the results of the older trade unionism, and it was fancied that the strike weapon could be refurbished and achieve wonderful success if it were tried on a larger scale than had ever previously been attempted. This has been the temptation; and it will prove to be a delusion.

In the meantime what have the unions been led into but a preposterous defence of the right of mobs to set government at defiance and establish anarchy? The twaddle talked by trade unionists and socialists in the House of Commons about soldiers shooting down defenceless strikers will shame them when they recover their senses. All the stupidity of want of humour is in it. Trade unionists and socialists, one having the most complete organisation of existing societies, the other being idealists whose conception is of a more perfect social and political organisation than the world has yet seen, babble nonsense about using force. Is there nothing but moral suasion in trade unionism; and are socialists assuming socialism to be possible only when its working men and other classes of full-blooded citizens become plaster saints? One particular point mentioned in the debate about the iniquity of soldiers shooting their fathers and their brothers is characteristic of the unreality of all the talk. Are not some of their fathers and brothers inclined to go back to work; and might they not be very thankful to have their relatives on the spot not to shoot at them but to shoot in defence of them? If socialists whimper at finding that Syndicalists are not to be allowed to run a general strike with armed bands of rioters, they must have supposed that present society consists of fools rather than of the knaves they allege us to be. There is no question of soldiers being ordered to shoot down innocent strikers; nobody will be interfered with for arguing against the use of the military in strike riots, however absurd a view this may be. It is nothing but obfuscation of intellect, or hypocrisy, to contend that inciting soldiers to mutiny is as permissible as arguing against such hypothetical propositions as were started in the debate on the prosecution of the Syndicalists. The whole question of a standing army and the defence of modern society is involved. If the Recorder of London charged the Grand Jury, it was Mr. Justice Horridge who sentenced the Syndicalist prisoners. They represent opposite views of politics; and they represent also the determination of the nation not to leave the seduction of the Army on the list of pious political opinions.

KING EDWARD'S MEMORY.

ONCE more, and before it is altogether too late, we must utter as simple and direct a protest as possible against some of the recommendations of the King Edward Memorial Fund Committee. The scheme

has passed all the preliminary stages, and only awaits the final sanction of King George. It is therefore to the King and to those who advise him in such matters that the only appeal remains.

King Edward, among many other qualities, had a strong sense of humour; but that is one of the senses in which the designers of the proposed memorial in the Green Park seem to be lacking. We have already pointed out the absurdity of a memorial close to Piccadilly, with the chief figure of the memorial invisible from Piccadilly, and with his back turned to it. This is bad enough, but when we consider that the group which will have its face to Piccadilly is to be a group representing "Arbitration quelling Strife", the symbolism of the whole thing does not bear dwelling upon. If there is one moment in our history when arbitration has failed to quell strife more hopelessly than at any other, it is this moment. King Edward is no more represented by the idea of arbitration than by the idea of strife. If we could have a group representing diplomacy and common sense quelling strife and making arbitration unnecessary, we might have something faintly representative of King Edward as a sovereign; but otherwise it might as well be left alone.

There is a still more serious objection to be made to the proposed edifice in the Green Park. What is proposed is a group of mingled masonry and bronze—of what will soon be dirty masonry and bronze—put down in the Green Park near Piccadilly. Its position was meant to have been the Piccadilly end of the Broad Walk; but the Broad Walk, having (since no one walked on it) become something like a very broad joke, is being hastily turfed over again at great expense, and happily disappears. King Edward will be facing nothing except, in the distance, the piled-up horrors of the Queen Victoria Memorial. And one great beauty of the London that he loved will be lost for ever. That beauty is the contrast between the dipping line of green grass, unbroken except by trees, that runs beside the busy, roaring thoroughfare, and the imposing façades of Piccadilly. The contrast between palaces on one side of the road and meadow on the other is a contrast which is purely characteristic of London. But once you place an architectural memorial in the meadow its character is gone. If this memorial were certain to be a beautiful thing we should still object to its presence here; but it is almost certain not to be beautiful. We have every respect for Mr. Lutyens, but it cannot be too plainly said that this age is not an age which can happily or suitably or beautifully express itself in monumental sculpture on a large scale. Why add to the ugly and expensive monuments with which London is crowded? And why associate such an enterprise with the really happy and sensible scheme of making a park in Shadwell, where poor people can take some pleasure and enjoyment? For with that part of the scheme we are in the warmest agreement.

It may be said, "We must have some kind of memorial of King Edward in the West End; have you anything better to propose?" There seems to be some dreadful fascination about the word "memorial". Are we all undertakers or stonemasons, that we can only commemorate our great dead in masses of stone or bronze? Surely not. There are many other kinds of memorial, as the Shadwell Park scheme shows. There the memorial is to be the very opposite of a pile of masonry; instead of building up something of doubtful beauty, we are there going to clear away things of certain ugliness; and the memorial in that case will be the open space, the emptiness, the air. To take things down may be a more pious way of commemorating a great man than to build things up. If we must have a visible memorial, there are many forms, not in the least like mammoth tombstones, which it might very happily take. Why not a really fine fountain at Hyde Park Corner? London is very poor in fountains, and those that we have are either ugly, or else they play only in a very half-hearted and niggardly manner. A really fine fountain, always musical with the flow of water, is a happy and beautiful thing; it lives and asserts itself, and prompts the memory in a way that

statues and monuments seldom do. But why build anything at all just for the sake of building it? Why not wait until some needed improvement in the West End becomes possible and practical, and then do it in King Edward's name and to his memory?

What we would urge upon those who may have an opportunity of advising the King upon this subject is that the Shadwell Park part of the scheme should be gone on with at once; and that the whole question of a memorial in the West End should be held over, to be reopened for a more intelligent consideration in quieter and happier times.

THE CITY.

A GRADUAL reduction in the amount of business on the Stock Exchange is the only obvious effect of the coal strike. Quotations have kept wonderfully firm in all markets, and several special stocks have recorded noteworthy advances. Dulness has naturally characterised the Home Railway section, but the price movements do not reflect the loss of £1,700,000 in gross receipts in three weeks, which loss is likely to be increased to £2,500,000 before the turn comes. Instead of a heavy decline in quotations to discount the poor traffics the feature has been a sharp rise in Great Eastern stock, because, owing to the foresight of the management, that company is in a position to maintain its train services, and will be able to provide full holiday facilities at Easter. Of course, the net results of the half-year will not be so bad as the gross figures suggest. A considerable saving in working expenses is being effected, and the railways will have three months in which to recover traffic before the end-June accounts have to be made up. But it is an invariable rule that traffic lost is never fully regained. The great bulk of goods may be only delayed, but interrupted passenger traffic, and particularly holiday traffic, is a dead loss.

Consols have shown firmness, chiefly on the news that nearly £1,500,000 will soon be available for sinking fund purposes. The announcement of facilities for the transfer of Consols by deed also contributed to the good tone of the gilt-edged market. The reform is not of very great importance, but it will be a convenience to small investors, and is therefore a help towards the "popularising" of Consols.

The stocks which have received special attention include Metropolitan, Districts, Central London, and City and South London, the demand being based on the belief that the traffic combine will be extended and will result in increased profits. Underground Electric income bonds and shares have continued their advance on indications that the full 6 per cent. will be earned on the first-named this year and that there may be something available for distribution on the shares. The new 1s. 'bus fusion "A" shares, which being voteless are dubbed "Suffragettes" in the market, have risen sharply on rumoured dividend prospects, and the "unassenting" Omnibus stock has advanced to new high records on the strength of excellent traffic returns, the 'bus company having benefited from the curtailment of railway and tramway services.

In the Miscellaneous markets Shipping shares have continued in strong demand. P. and O. Deferred stock reacted under profit-taking induced by the Chairman's denial of current rumours, but the upward movement was resumed, and it is still believed that purchases for control on behalf of most influential interests are in progress. It has been reported that negotiations for the amalgamation of the Houlder Line and Furness, Withy & Co. are proceeding, but here again an official denial has been issued, which leaves room for explanation of the strong buying of Houlder Preference shares and Debentures. Great activity in Marconi descriptions has been one of the features of the markets. The success of the Marconi Company of America is a very important development. It removes a somewhat formidable competitor, and opens the way for enormous extension of the Marconi system. The capital of the

American Marconi Company will be largely increased, and several powerful wireless stations are to be installed on the American continent. The fulfilment of Dr. Marconi's dream of a "wireless girdle" round the world is only a matter of time. As regards the City of London Electric Lighting Company an unofficial estimate of the probable purchase price of the company, should the City Corporation exercise its powers of compulsory acquisition, puts the value of the £10 shares at 25. Telephone Deferred stock has recovered on the revival of hopes of a more satisfactory result of the Government purchase.

Encouraged by the defeat of Mr. Roosevelt in the New York State primaries, the Wall Street market has developed considerable strength. The menace of a suspension of work in the coal-mines has been counteracted by evidence of improving trade, and New York advices are more bullish than for a long time past. The announcement of the issue by the Steel Corporation of \$30,500,000 of 5 per cent. bonds was not well received by conservative market students.

In the Mining departments, Nigerian Tin shares are no longer active, but the market is apparently expecting some favourable official news regarding the Anglo-Continental Mines Company. Rubber shares are being quietly bought by investors, who are impressed by the improvement in trade conditions, and Oil shares are still receiving a fair amount of attention. Five Roumanian companies are being amalgamated under the care of the Oilfields Finance Corporation, and further financial developments in this direction are being arranged.

The Buenos Ayres and Pacific Railway Company, Limited, is making a further issue of £1,000,000 5 per cent. 1912 debenture stock at £105 per cent.

THE STRIKE AND THE NATIONAL TEMPER.

By FILSON YOUNG.

IT has often been said lately that the national character is changing and that we are becoming an excitable people. True, the conditions in which we live have developed so constantly, and the surface of modern life is so much more rippled over and churned up than was the surface life of former generations, that it is difficult to discern what is going on in the depths. The only way in which to judge of the national temper is to observe it in moments of great stress, trouble, or calamity; and as we have arrived at such a moment now, it is possible to take some observations. And what is really the most impressive thing about the coal strike? Not the impotence of Parliament; not the revelation of a country in social turmoil and unrest; not the stupidity, greed, selfishness, cruelty, callousness, or enmity that are stirred up and come to the surface in a moment of great commotion. There is nothing remarkable in the existence of any of these things. They are all unhappy things; and the unhappy aspects of the case are sufficiently obvious to everyone. But there is one aspect of it which is not unhappy, which is reassuring and encouraging, which is the most remarkable aspect of the coal strike—and that is the calmness of the national temper. The quiet way in which the strike has been taken by the whole public, especially by the combatants themselves, and, most remarkable of all, by those who have been thrown out of work by it—in fact, by everyone except by the Press and by certain wealthy, panic-stricken old gentlemen—is a matter in which we may justly take some pride, and from which we may reasonably take some comfort. We have not lost our heads—we have not even lost our tempers.

I suppose that a strain like this is one of the greatest strains to which a nation can be put. In a war, where there is constant excitement and danger and the stimulus of sudden chances, the excitement of the fray will keep people up. But there are folk at present in England who have to watch themselves freeze and starve without any excitement at all to help them, and

without being able to feel any personal concern in the grounds of the quarrel from which they are suffering. If any condition is likely to urge the dumb sense of injustice into speech or to fan the embers of discontent into flame, it is that condition. Yet there is no rioting, and apparently not very much animus or bitterness, in spite of the frantic efforts of syndicalist agitators and, I am sorry to say, of certain newspapers, to lash the people into fury. There are those, I know, who think that the people ought to be furious, and that if we only have a general stir-up and conflagration something will come out of it. I can only say that I think that a deplorable point of view. It is the brains of men, and not their emotions, which help them through difficulties like this; and it is not to revolutions and conflagrations that we look to keep the brain cool. There is no miracle to be worked, no city to be burned down and rebuilt; there is simply a very delicate industrial problem to be adjusted which requires all the patience that can be brought to bear upon it.

I am afraid we have seen no great evidence of the brains so far, and not quite enough fairness on all sides; but the people have certainly contributed their part, which is coolness and patience. How cool and how patient you and I might be if we had no fire and no food in our houses; if our children were sick and dying for lack of nourishment; if all our friends were in the same boat and could not help us; if we had to watch the health of people dear and necessary to us failing for lack of common things which, although they would doubtless be restored in a week or two, would then be restored too late—how cool or how patient should we be? In this matter the working classes are setting an example to the whole of England. And when I consider the condition of some of those homes in the Midlands—homes that are individually as important as your home and mine; when I think of the misery and suffering that are being patiently borne because of someone else's quarrel; and when I think of an old gentleman of my acquaintance, with an income of thirty thousand a year from investments, who has put out his dining-room fire and insisted on all meals being served in the back drawing-room, and discharged certain honest people who are dependent upon him for work—all owing to a condition of sheer funk—I cannot help wondering if some of our greatest national virtues are forsaking the upper classes and settling down to the bottom of the social order.

The pessimists are fond of asking whether England to-day would stand the strain of a war, and whether the labour population would stand any threat to their food supply. Is not the manifestation of the national temper in this strike something of an answer to both questions? If we ever have to go to war, we need not fear the national temper. Organisation may fail us, leadership may fail us, discipline may fail us, but the people who will accept suffering and starvation because of a quarrel among coal-miners and coal-owners in a neighbouring county will not be found wanting, whatever may be demanded of them, when the whole country is in peril. If some of the fidgety, neurotic alarmists who are constantly trying to frighten England into the loss of self-confidence and who, in case of a war, would send out our soldiers and sailors with the conviction that they were beaten before they had begun to fight, would look beyond Parliament and beyond newspapers and beyond idle discussions of clubs and dinner-parties into the patient heart of the country, and learn something of its steadfastness and silent valour, they might find something to brace up their own craven hearts. The national temper has been perhaps the greatest determining factor in the history of England; the times have seldom risen to its level, but it has never fallen below the demands of the times. And I believe that silent national temper to be infinitely superior to and infinitely more powerful than the nervous, babbling spirit which unhappily finds so free an expression in the word publicly, written and publicly spoken to-day.

It is perhaps hard for Londoners to realise the acuteness of the situation, because London is always best provided and is the last to feel a pinch of this kind.

We had butter and flowers in the heat of last summer when the countryside was dried up and sterile; we have coal to-day, while in the coal districts the chimneys are smokeless. And yet, little as we realise the situation, we occupy ourselves with it to the exclusion of everything else. That, surely, is another curiously British characteristic. The public cannot take in more than one idea at a time; no one now has a word for Home Rule; the suffragettes are being marched off to prison by the hundred almost unnoticed; the Insurance Bill is forgotten. Even sport is eclipsed—and in England what more can one say? I believe it is this concentration on one idea at a time which goes to make the strength of that national temper which is still unspoiled. Concentration in the individual always means power; and the nation that can concentrate itself is invincible still.

"RUTHERFORD AND SON."

By JOHN PALMER.

MISS SOWERBY'S "Rutherford and Son" is the best first play since "Chains" of Miss Elizabeth Baker. Miss Sowerby, like the author of "Chains", has escaped the general curse upon young writing to-day—the curse of cleverness. Neither in dialogue, nor in construction, nor in delineation of character is there a trace of that fatal facility which enables the modern journalist-author to please his audience without seriously deranging himself. "Rutherford and Son" is, in fact, the perfect antithesis of another successful *matinée* play of this season, Mr. Macdonald Hastings' "The New Sin". "The New Sin" is a clever play; and there it ends. It is compact of clever dialogue; cleverly contrived situations; cleverly presented traits of character. Years ago it would doubtless have been vastly amusing, and have brought its author into distinction as an original mind. But cleverness is too common nowadays. A few old-fashioned people have freely admired "The New Sin" in conversation and in print; but this only shows that clever people are more highly appreciated by their contemporaries than they should be.

There is nothing clever about "Rutherford and Son". The author is far too seriously bent upon the delivery of her dramatic idea to turn aside into epigram or debate. Her play is exactly like "Chains" in the complete subordination of everything to a persistent main theme. Both plays are the work of an æsthetic puritan. These authors take you immediately by the ear, and limit their discourses strictly to the text. You may fidget. You probably will fidget, being used to the lax and exuberant discourses of less continent writers. But you cannot escape, and you will never forget the text. "Chains" will be a nightmare with me for many years to come. I can still feel the stiff, uncomfortable high collar of the poor clerk who lived in Hammersmith stabbing me under the chin. "Rutherford and Son" has a dramatic unity as ruthless and as dour. The conscientiousness and hard logic of a woman applied to the theatre are able to go surprising lengths. These plays of Miss Elizabeth Baker and Miss Sowerby are really astonishing examples of what can be done in a modern theatre by keeping strictly to the point.

The central figure of "Rutherford and Son" is not John Rutherford himself, but the firm. John Rutherford empties the house of his children, and is beaten at the last into bargain with a stranger for the future of his name. But the firm is triumphant. It triumphs over three generations. As the head of Rutherford's John Rutherford is an invincible, remorseless figure, winning his end in the teeth of his children's opposition and hatred. But John Rutherford's tyranny is vicarious. The real tyrant is Rutherford and Son, which rules and breaks him as thoroughly as he rules and breaks everyone about him. For the advantage of Rutherford's John Rutherford robs his children; for the dignity of Rutherford's he shamefully drives his daughter from the house, and throws aside the faithful servant of twenty-five years. Rutherford and Son fills

John Rutherford's home with bitterness and sour, wasted years. John Rutherford's is the hard selfishness of the man who sacrifices himself to an idea; and, in the sacrifice of himself, justifies the sacrifice of all who oppose him. He holds to his one idea with a passion so extreme that it becomes the ultimate measure of good and evil. He robs his son; but it is for Rutherford's. Rutherford's rules the morality of John Rutherford as completely as it rules the hour at which his family shall dine. Always the talk is of Rutherford's. We begin to long almost as passionately as the children of that wretched home that Rutherford's were at the bottom of the sea. But Miss Sowerby's grip is never for a moment loose. Rutherford's is victorious to the last dramatic scene where the mother of John Rutherford's grandchild bargains with her father-in-law for the inheritance. In this last scene Rutherford's, putting a period to the strife and misery of two generations, is already shaping the destinies of a third. Once again, in the logic of a perfect close, we are reminded of the end of "Chains", where the poor clerk who lived in Hammersmith finally put on the top hat and stiff collar of his fate.

Mr. Norman McKinnel, in the part of John Rutherford, is *dæmonic*. I fancy it must be he who has inspired so many people irrelevantly to talk of "Wuthering Heights" in connexion with this play. Mr. McKinnel's John Rutherford recalls Heathcliff in the intensity and single-heartedness of his one unlovely passion; but there the suggestion ends. Perhaps the finest moments of a fine performance were those in which Mr. McKinnel suggested that John Rutherford himself was as much the victim of Rutherford's as were his children. Every now and then he made us aware of a natural man beneath the *dæmonic* exterior which Rutherford's had suppressed and smothered.

A capital programme was given on Tuesday and Wednesday of this week at 27 Grosvenor Square in aid of the Industrial Law Committee. To see Miss Laura Cowie as Rostand's Columbine of "The Two Pierrots" was certainly a most agreeable form of self-denial. Rostand rings too truly in the French ear to be really accessible to an English audience. He cannot be translated into English, because there is no English for the form and spirit of his appeal. The version of Mrs. Alfred Lyttelton was nimble and deft; but one so perpetually admired the *adresse* with which difficulties were overcome that the flavour of the original was lost. One recovered it best by mentally recovering from the English the exquisite lilt and artifice of the original—an effort to get at Rostand through a double translation, which was rather a strain. Mr. Philip Carr did wonders in the way of production with a tiny stage, the vignette scene for "The Two Pierrots" being really delightful. This little scene was arranged as skilfully as the rhymes of Mrs. Lyttelton to suggest the quaint unreality of Rostand's style and manner.

HOLBROOKE AND LAMOND.

By JOHN F. RUNCIMAN.

THERE is no reason why Mr. Josef Holbrooke should not be at large unless it be his complete, incurable, hopeless insanity. A musician who for eleven years has persisted in giving concerts of English music, undeterred by English apathy, his ardour uncooled by English chilliness, his enthusiasm undamped by the wet blankets considerably proffered by the English Press—what are we to think of him? It is sheer madness—or genius. Not being sufficiently mad myself to pose as an expert in such a matter, I leave readers to make up their minds for themselves. On Monday afternoon in the Steinway Hall he gave the last of a series of three concerts; and I never attended a more delightful entertainment. The previous concerts were out of the question for me; and in any case I have a strong objection to musical functions in the middle of the night. Eight forty-five p.m. is an outrageous hour for people who have trains, trams and buses to catch; and Mr. Holbrooke should give with each

concert-ticket a coupon entitling bearer to one drive home in a taxi. Those who did not get to Steinway Hall on Monday missed something they should not have missed. There were, I must own, longueurs; and of these anon.

The afternoon was devoted to chamber-music for wind-instruments and to songs. Only one item was by a foreign composer—a workmanlike, flat, harmless serenade, for two each of flutes, oboes, clarinets, horns and bassoons, by Jadassohn. Even this had its compensations. The instruments are used in a conventional, mechanical way (and “conventionality is the mother of dreariness” says Mr. A. C. Benson), effects of colour are dexterously avoided and the individuality of each instrument is disregarded, yet the thing was bright if not brilliant, and one learnt how in a large room—or a small hall—such a combination can be used to greater artistic profit than the same number of strings. Of course it was played by ten superb artists whose names I must mention: Messrs. Barton, Halfpenny, Foreman, Shepley, Draper, Park, Borsdorf, Probin, James and Groves. How long the enchantment would have lasted, even had the serenade been a ten times finer composition, I cannot say. The text-books tell us that the human ear grows weary of wind-instruments much sooner than of strings; and that is precisely what we find few opportunities of testing. The Greeks got on very well with wind—panpipes, syrinx and flute—for their lutes and harps, hopelessly deficient in resonance and sustaining power, simply cannot have counted save as an accompaniment. Pepys was ravished by the band of recorders he heard accompanying a play; even so late as Handel’s time an ordinary band included a mass of wood-wind that would scandalise a modern professor. Generations have shown themselves more than satisfied. I am glad Mr. Holbrooke gave this serenade; and it is to be hoped he will do something of the kind again, if only that we may learn whether our forebears showed a lack of sensitiveness or whether, after all, our ears and tastes have grown both blasés and vulgarised. Would men and women of the seventeenth century have tolerated “The Lost Chord” screamed on a cornet?

The concert opened with Holbrooke’s own sextet for wood-wind and piano. It is much too long in proportion to the value of the subject-matter. The first movement has two fine themes: the second, notably, given out by horn and piano is a piece of genuine melody which is capitally worked out in anything but the conventional school manner. That is, it is not merely trifled with to show the composer’s adroitness and want of poetic feeling, but is transmogrified and woven into a perpetually changing new melos that perfectly expresses the composer’s poetic feeling: there is a sustained mood, atmosphere. The larghetto seemed to me the accompaniment to a tragic scene in an unwritten drama and I could not get the thread; and for want of the thread I got lost in a labyrinth and was gored by the minotaur boredom. The final presto sweeps on in exhilarating style; there is plenty of invention; and all Mr. Holbrooke’s skill and resource are employed with never a suspicion of effort. The same composer’s Adagio and Rondo for piano and clarinet is interesting and gave the clarinettist, Mr. Charles Draper, some fine chances of showing how expressively he could play cantabile melody of the old Viennese type, as well as the delicious ethereal tones he could draw from his instrument. Some of the filagree work was dainty, fairy-like and came off so beautifully that a blind man might have imagined that a smaller clarinet had been cunningly substituted for the instrument from which the noble lower tones proceeded. The Fairyland nocturne (also by Mr. Holbrooke) based on some pseudo-poetry of Poe—Poe at his most prosaic and worst—was anything but fairy-like. It is written for clarinet, viola and piano; and much of the viola part is utterly ineffective—indeed, clumsy and awkward. Of course there were dream-like passages, but they were few, and there was a lot of ornamentation which had no relation to the structure of the piece. Mr. Holbrooke’s natural tendency is towards incoherence and maundering; and

Poe’s lines seemed to have served as an invitation to his weakness to come along and have a bean-feast. Fragmentariness does not necessarily indicate freedom any more than a care for logic and structure implies pedantry and dryness; and anyone who wishes to compose fairy-music, or wild or eerie or weird music, had better learn what Weber can teach rather than imitate Debussy or even Berlioz. After this piece an enormously lengthy fantasia for viola and piano by Mr. J. B. Dale was played by the composer and Mr. Lionel Tertis, who had taken part in the previous number. Both players did their work well, and the thing contains some good passages; but it grew tiresome ere the end in mercy came. Mr. Holbrooke’s miniature suite for flute, oboe, clarinet, horn and bassoon is charming and would serve as a welcome change at the Proms. from the everlasting “Casse Noisette”.

Miss Joan Ashley sang the songs artistically; and about the songs themselves what struck me chiefly was that they are not songs. Cowen’s setting of Christina Rossetti’s “Not for me marring or making” is colourless, savourless, flavourless; the whole spirit of the poem is missed. Mr. Alfred Hale has tried his hand at a Herrick poem and one of Campion’s lyrics—tried it with conspicuous unsuccess. It is wonderful to me that a man should turn out such pointless rubbish and not realise what he is doing. The nearest approach to a genuine song was Mr. Edgar Bainton’s setting of a preposterous verse by the late William Sharpe—one of the things signed Fiona McLeod—“Wave, wave green branches”. But what are these young fellows after? They seem not to have the vaguest notion of what true poetry is; and they have signally failed to profit by Wagner’s example and preaching, and fit the music to the words, not the words to the music. Their songs are like excerpts from music-dramas of the worst type; to make the words fit the notes, sense, rhythm and accent must all go hang. They scan with Midas’ ears, confounding short and long; and no matter from what point the result is viewed, it is always unsatisfactory and often atrocious. A course of lectures on the elements of poetry, or even versification, is needed to give these ambitious geniuses an inkling of the truth about some things. They generally choose bad verses, and if they hit upon a good poem they spoil it. Mr. Rutland Boughton talks much about combining poetry with music; but a recent specimen of the “versification” he likes shows him to know as much about poetry as a guinea-pig knows about astronomy.

To sum up: Mr. Holbrooke ought to be supported because he is doing a good thing. He ought to be criticised because it is evident that he is not nearly severe enough in criticising himself. Mr. Holbrooke and his co-workers are keen to conquer England: let them, then, first conquer themselves.

Pianists of to-day may be divided into a number of classes. There are the popular pianists of the Paderewski and Sauer type, who frivol and tickle the instrument and afford unemployed ladies of means a substitute for chocolate and confectionery. There are the acrobats and mechanics of the Rosenthal sort—but not many of them—who amaze, stagger and confound one with displays of strength, speed and agility. And there are at least two very great pianists, Lamond and Busoni, who interpret true piano-music with dignity, truth and beauty. This classification is rough indeed: yet like Mercutio’s wound it will serve. Paderewski often plays like a fine musician; Pugno does so also; Rosenthal and Godowsky sometimes frivol and at times are musicianly; and occasionally, half-contemptuously, as though to show that they can do it too, Busoni and Lamond take a trip into the territory of the ear-tickers. At Lamond’s Beethoven recital in the Bechstein Hall on 2 March there was no ear-tickling, and only a little when he gave us a miscellaneous programme on the 16th. On the first occasion he played four sonatas, three of them of the very greatest—the lightest being the funeral march sonata. It was a display of magnificent musicianship and perfect technique and ample muscular force in full accord. I rather fear the muscular pianist nowadays, for we have had far too

many piano-smashers—the people who try to astound by the din they knock out of the unfortunate instrument and have no thought of beauty or expression; but without a sufficiency of strength no one should attempt the grander Beethoven sonatas in public. The strength of the piano-smashers is generally of the nervous, galvanic sort that is only available for a few minutes at a time: endurance is needed for such a feat as Lamond performed—and it may be noted that nowhere are strength and endurance more imperatively demanded than in the long soft variations that form the finale of the C minor sonata. This came off with admirable sustained beauty, delicacy without feebleness. The greatest piece of work of the afternoon was the rendering of the "Appassionata". There was fire enough in the first allegro and considerable liberties were taken with the tempi, as was proper; but the fire never became fury, and the changes of pace produced none of that horrible sensation of jerkiness and insecurity which some of our would-be ultra-modern players are so proud of producing. The whole thing was knit together into perfect evenness and glorious breadth. The unapproachable solemn grandeur of the Andante was reproduced as it must have existed in Beethoven's own brain; and the splendour and passion of the finale were revealed in a fashion I have rarely known before. Not the least striking feature of the performance was the balance between part and part justly sustained throughout the work. At times I dreaded lest in his enthusiasm he should try to get greater volume of tone out of the piano than that misused machine can possibly yield. There is a point at which the piano ceases to thunder and begins to squeak and gibber; but, while his crescendos were quite terrific in their energy and force, that point Lamond never reached. On the whole this was the greatest piece of Beethoven interpretation I have ever heard.

I need say nothing about the playing of the other sonatas, and will merely add a few words about the concert of 16 March. Here Lamond met the every-day pianist more or less on his own ground. Only two works of the first rank were included in the programme, Beethoven's second E flat sonata and Chopin's A flat ballade; Schumann's C major fantasia is to me eminently unsatisfactory as a whole, though beautiful and even attaining to grandeur in portions; and the rest of the afternoon was largely devoted to fireworks. I cannot blame a pianist for doing this: one fears that audiences of the sort that prefer recitals without fireworks, and Beethoven recitals above all others, consist chiefly of non-paying guests. Besides, Lamond, if a very fine artist, is also a very brilliant virtuoso, and it is only natural that he should desire to give the virtuoso a chance now and again. The virtuoso certainly got his show. After the Beethoven sonata had been perfectly given and the Chopin ballade in a fashion a little less inspired, the virtuoso—to an extent controlled by the artist—settled down to Liszt, Strauss, Tausig and the rest. Liszt's "Jeux follets" was certainly will-o'-th'-wisp-ish enough, and as an exhibition of nimbleness and sureness of finger it was positively diabolical. After that I left.

ROWING AND CHARACTER.

By LAWRENCE E. JONES.

"WET-BOBS", said an Eton master once, "are the salt of the earth." "And so to be taken in small pinches", added another, himself a dry-bob.

There did exist not so very long ago an idea that most rowing Blues became bishops or judges in after life. The Eton master was not alone in thinking that rowing had some effect on character. It is not unnatural to suppose that a hard and painful pursuit like rowing tends to mould a hard, laborious man. For rowing isn't a game. The essence of all games except patience, cup-and-ball, and a game we played some few years ago—at the bidding of the daily Press—with two sticks, a string, and a giant reel of cotton (I have forgotten its name)—the essence of all games except these

is that you try to beat somebody else. In that lies the real fun of the thing—pitting your skill against his, though he be only Colonel Bogey. Every time a man plays cricket or golf or polo he engages in a contest. He tastes the joy of battle. Not so in rowing. At the 'Varsity a man rows every day of term-time almost all the year round. At the most he will be rowing a race on twenty of those days. During the winter and summer bumping-races, at Henley, perhaps at Putney, he will be, as it were, playing a game. But the rest of the time is spent merely in preparing for those twenty games.

It takes about twenty minutes to row from Putney to Mortlake, about seven and a half minutes to row the Henley course. The average time of preparation for that twenty minutes is ten, for that seven and a half minutes four, weeks. Throughout those weeks of training the oarsman's only adversary is himself. No wonder he becomes a bishop.

Ten weeks of hard struggle against your own intolerable sins—it is almost worthy of a mediæval monk. Those heavy hands, that flabby back, those weak, unmanageable legs, and with it all the unceasing, insistent rolling of the boat—surely no hermit of the Thebaid ever strove with sterner fleshly antagonists than these; and there are worse things still—Lazarean ills of the flesh which it would be unbecoming to touch upon here. The monk achieves victory over himself, and wins Heaven. But the rowing man may do the same and still be beaten by Cambridge. A bishopric, after that, is small comfort (and with all this disestablishment in the air, who is to feel secure even of a bishopric?).

There are two kinds of rowing, it is true, to which the foregoing remarks do not apply. The first is that comparatively rare thing, first-class rowing. A good oar in a good crew thoroughly enjoys every stroke he rows. For him rowing can perhaps best be likened to riding—the mere doing of it is an end in itself, apart from any question of a contest. The sheer sensuous pleasure of rowing in a good crew is very great. The rhythm of the thing is perhaps the secret of it, and the sense of perfect timing, which is akin to the feeling of a good drive at golf or a good hit at cricket. And indeed everyone enjoys doing that which he does well.

The second kind of rowing is that of the wet-bob at Eton. He is, from his earliest days, a waterman as well as an oar; all through the summer, after twelve, after four, and after six, he sculls or rows up and down the river in a whiff, outrigger, "perfect", or pair; often with a race in view, often merely for the pleasure of the thing, with an interim bathe at Athens or Boveney, and an exaggerated tea at Queen's Eyot. All that is pleasant enough; there is no hardship or pain in that life; and here and there, as is only natural, an Eton wet-bob, with an innate or an acquired instinct for a boat, will grow up, as it were, without sin; he is one of the saints of the rowing world, and will win the heaven of first-class rowing without undergoing any of the pain and grief of the average university or club rowing man. But no bishopric for him, I should hope.

But in between these two classes lies the great middle-class of rowing. Middle-classes are not popular nowadays. We legislate for miners or against Dukes; we flatter the very poor and the very rich; our thoughts fly from Syndicalism to the House of Lords and back again. But we forget about the middle-classes. So in the rowing world. Everybody is interested in the Boat Race, or a race between Leander and the Belgians. And everybody knows what an Eton wet-bob is, and can sing the Eton Boating Song.

But the great background of the Boat Race and the Grand Challenge Cup—the College rowing and the club rowing which produces and then projects into the public consciousness the 'Varsity or Leander crews—is almost unknown to the general public. Nevertheless—as our politicians occasionally bring themselves to affirm of the middle-classes in relation to the Empire—the real backbone of first-class rowing is this College rowing. It is true that the "saints" from Eton as a rule have the lion's share in first-class rowing, and that is inevitable. But Eton alone could never give rowing the

position it holds at the Universities. It is a curious thing, but true, that a College would far rather go Head of the River than win any of the Inter-collegiate cups for cricket, football, or the like. Our great national games count for less than the bumping-races.

Now the men who row in their College Torpid or Lent boat, or in their College Eight, really do undergo the trials and tortures we spoke of. It is not easy for a grown man to take up rowing: he has to learn to use an entirely new set of muscles, for one thing. Watermanship, again, simply does not come by trying. It comes by instinct, or by years of habit, or not at all. There's a deal of rubbing and chafing and blistering to be undergone in the process of becoming hardened. Coaches are proverbially abusive and unsympathetic. The training is very long, the race itself very short. The actual physical movements of rowing are extremely monotonous; or if they prove not to be so, it will be less endurable for the oarsmen than if they are. The sensuous pleasure of rhythm and timing can be seldom felt in an average College Torpid or Eight. It is a bore to give up smoking and to go to bed at 10 for weeks together. Because rowing-men at the Universities do all these things, it has been thought that they are the salt of the earth, that their characters will be hardened, that their bishoprics shall never be another's.

I don't think there is much in the argument. There is, perhaps, a larger proportion of hard, dogged, determined men among rowing-men at the Universities than among any other class. But it is not so much the rowing that makes the hard man as that the hard man goes in for rowing. Dry-bobs will tell you that wet-bobs are stupid, slow-witted, ponderous—there is some truth in it—but here again the rowing is not the cause of these characteristics. The ponderous man is nearly always bad at games. A half-wit is useless at cricket, but he may learn to pull a boat along. He won't enjoy rowing; he will never be a waterman—for in good rowing there is room for much nicety and skill which the bovine type cannot hope to acquire—but he may become a useful College oar. And so the half- and three-quarter-wits generally take to rowing.

The fact is, it's not the rowing that makes our Bishops. Our Bishops are born, and they take to rowing as the hermit took to the wilderness—for the sake of the opportunities it affords. Since sliding-seats were invented, and rowing has been robbed of some of its physical terrors, we have produced fewer bishops. But that cuts both ways. Still, I do not say that wet-bobs are not the salt of the earth.

THE FORWARD SEASON.

By A. D. HALL.

IN what other year can any man remember the almonds in the London squares to have been in flower in February? Within my own recollection 1893 was a wonderfully early season, but even then the almonds were not out before the middle of March, whereas this year there were trees in the Park well into bloom on the last Sunday in February. Almost as early as the almond is that loveliest of all spring-flowering trees, the Japanese Magnolia or Yulan, which is not nearly so much planted as it ought to be. There is one beautiful specimen in the Addison Road, and it is worth anyone's while to make a journey so far westward only to see the perfect cups of blossom which it is now lifting to our chequered skies.

Except in the west daffodils are but April flowers, for it was under the old calendar that Shakespeare associated them with March winds, but even on the colder soils in the neighbourhood of London all the earlier varieties are now in full bloom. Indeed one of the big market-growers was complaining the other day that the early season was likely to hurt him very badly because the coal strike would interfere with their distribution just when his biggest stock of cut flowers would be ready to send about the country. The buds of all the fruit trees are swelling and showing colour, indeed on sheltered walls in London some of the pear

trees have now burst and are throwing out a cloud of blossom. Fruit-growers dread these early seasons because the risks of a killing frost are great. If weather such as we got last year in the first week of April were to set in now, we should hardly have a plum or a pear to show for the present immense promise. Of course one is never quite safe from a frost that will kill, especially from that most dangerous of all frosts when the night grows clear and cold after rain in the late afternoon. Even in the third week of May in 1894 such a frost devastated the fruit trees and vines all over the west of Europe, but the risk is very much greater in March than it will be in April and May, despite the well-founded expectation of "Blackthorn winter" in April and the days of the "Three Cold Saints" in May. From the farmer's point of view perhaps the most remarkable and welcome evidence of the forward season is in the state of his grass. Ever since the drought ceased the grass began to grow, and has continued to do so all through the winter; even after our one spell of frost in February the countryside looked most wonderfully green, and now the meadow land carries quite a deep growth. The open season could not have come at a more welcome time to the farmer, for it has enabled him to get his stock through the winter in an altogether unexpected fashion. Last summer's drought left the sheep and dairy farmers with the blackest prospects for the winter, the scarcity of hay was unprecedented, for prices last autumn ran up to £6 and even £7 a ton, until hay was almost as dear weight for weight as some of the concentrated feeding stuffs. Straw was equally scarce, and the sheep farmer on the arable land had hardly any turnips on which to carry his sheep, much less to fatten them. Yet everywhere men have been able to keep their stock going on the grass with hardly any artificial assistance, and only a very long spell of cold and east wind could check the vigorous growth now.

What makes an early season? In the first place the actual weather in the early part of the year accounts for much. During 1912, with the exception of one bitter week, we have had nothing but soft open weather. In January the rainfall was $1\frac{1}{2}$ inches above the average, and the mean temperature 1.4 degrees in excess. February had half an inch more rain than usual, and an excess of temperature of as much as 2.9 degrees. These surpluses of temperature may seem small enough, but they are especially potent in the early spring when they take place round about the critical temperature of forty-one degrees or so, at which vegetable growth of any kind begins. How very potent are even small variations in the average temperature may be guessed from the fact that even the "Annus Mirabilis" of 1911 only showed an excess of temperature of two degrees, though there was not a single month of the year that fell below its particular average. Equally marked has been the absence of frosty nights. There were only fourteen nights in February when the temperature fell below freezing point, and the deficiencies were trifling after the first week, whereas in the same month of 1911, itself a forward season, there were twenty-one nights of frost. Of course there has been a deficiency of sunshine, because in the early spring warmth goes with rain and frost with sunshine; but vegetation is far less dependent on sunshine than one is apt to think, and plants can grow at their maximum rate on cloudy and even on dull days. The duration of the light is far more important than its intensity. But the present forward season is not wholly the doing of 1912, for plants are still enjoying some of the benefits they derived from their long sun-bath of last summer. As the gardener puts it, the wood of his fruit trees was well ripened; even last autumn in the superabundance of spurs that had developed blossom buds, could be seen the necessary first step towards an abundant crop in the coming year. This however does not entirely explain their earliness; indeed the word "ripening" as applied to fruit trees and all other perennial plants is only a convenient label that really cloaks our ignorance of the process involved. Of course the soil itself might have something to say to the early start. The

heat had brought the dormant plant food in the soil into such an active state that rarely has English land been so rich or in such high condition as it was when the rain began in October last, but the rains have been too continuous, and most of this accumulated treasure of ready digested plant food has been washed down far below the reach of the roots or even away into the drains and the water courses. But the invisible population of the soil which prepares this plant food must have been equally stimulated by the warmth, and so was ready to start into vigorous action as soon as the soil gained a little heat again after the turn of the year. It is hardly possible however that mere food in the soil could make much difference to the start of a fruit tree which carries its own stock of food and begins its growth on the reserve it has accumulated during the previous season. What makes a plant start into growth is still a mystery, although some recent investigations are beginning to cast a little light upon the process. If, for example, we take a daffodil bulb out of the soil in July, when it has finished its year's growth, it is then packed tight with food stores, out of which the bloom and the first leaves will be formed in the following season. But though all the food is there nothing will start that bulb into action much before its appointed time: you can give it water and warmth, and it remains obstinately dormant; even if you wait until it has started normally and try to hurry it up with much heat the result is disastrous. You can only force plants to a very limited extent, and many of them refuse entirely to respond to the most favourable treatment. The bulb will have its resting period, and many of our Northern plants seem to need a cool spell—even a freezing—before they will begin to grow. Indeed one device of the commercial raiser of forced plants is to put them into a freezing chamber and give them a premature winter before he embarks upon his artificial spring. But the investigations to which I have referred seem to show that to start a plant into action, which means to get the stores of accumulated food mobilising themselves and moving off to the growing point, requires some sort of detonator that is eventually furnished by the plant itself. The plant in a resting state keeps apart its food stores and those other agents which make them soluble and mobile, even when they co-exist in one cell, until there comes along a whiff of one of these detonators, whereupon the separation is broken down and the movements of the food begin. If the detonator is too powerful, there is such a letting loose of material as causes the death of the plant. Now among the substances which act as detonators are curiously enough the scents, essential oils and other aromatic principles of the plant, the use of which in the vegetable economy has hitherto been difficult to conceive. If the green leaf of a bay tree is exposed to the vapour of one of these essential oils or scents of plants, even if it is hung in a bottle above some chopped-up onions or horse-radish, it immediately begins to liberate prussic acid, and this liberation of the prussic acid, which was before locked up in a combined form in the bay leaf, is simply an index of vital changes taking place in the leaf, though in this case they have been speeded up to the destructive point. Obscure as the subject is, so obscure that our surmises are more guess than hypothesis, one cannot help supposing that the heat and drought of last summer must have heaped up within the plant an extra stock of these detonators, and that the early start this spring is due to the unusual stimulus derived therefrom. In the experiments the action of the detonators has only so far been observed by pushing it to the point of destruction when the products become abundant enough to be detected, but we have every reason to suppose that the normal life of the plant is a mild and regulated version of the same change. Some evidence in this direction may be found in the fact discovered in France a few years ago, and now turned to commercial use—that the forcing of some plants may be very much quickened if they are exposed to the vapour of chloroform or ether before they are started into growth. For example, the growers of forced lilac for the early Paris market find it pays to

etherise their ripened plants in the autumn before bringing them into the greenhouse, and the process is being extended to a number of other plants, which are found to respond to warmth much more rapidly and effectively after this preliminary stimulus. Chloroform and ether are amongst the most powerful of the substances previously described as detonators, and in the etherising process we may suppose that the excitation has been carried on sufficiently to wake up the plant without hurrying it on to destruction. However this explanation, even if it is correct, is only a more intricate description of the prime fact that the hot summer "ripened the wood;" science is just as incapable as the commonest gardener of dogmatising about ultimate causes.

If the gardener finds 1912 a forward season the farmer would describe it as a wretchedly late one, because the continuous rains are making it impossible to get the work of the farm done in proper time. In the south of England men expect to get their spring corn sown in March; indeed for the best results barley ought to be in the ground in February; yet this year, except on the lightest land, it has been almost impossible to move the soil at all, and many men who ploughed their land wet in February, trusting to later frosts to give them a tilth again, are wondering how they are ever going to get a seed bed. Week after week goes by, and just as two or three dry days are beginning to get the land fit to carry horses, down comes the rain again and the waiting process has to be renewed. From this point of view 1912 is turning into a most backward season; the horses are idle in the stables and the farmers are fretting round and wondering whether they ought not to make a start somehow, although they know too well that a forced tilth is always disastrous. It is here that the real skill of the farmer comes in, the skill that science cannot supply, in deciding when to seize the moment for beginning the annual gamble with Nature which growing a crop involves.

CORRESPONDENCE.

TRIPOLI AND THE NEAR EASTERN DANGER.

To the Editor of the SATURDAY REVIEW.

93 Deodar Road, Putney S.W.
25 March 1912.

SIR,—As a foreigner who enjoys English hospitality on British soil, I must refrain from giving your correspondent, Mr. George Raffalovich, the answer which his letter deserves. If I were not bound to a reserve which every educated person will understand I should be pleased to show your readers that if some have turned their backs on the Turco-Arabian guns they were not the sixty unarmed Italians at Zanzur, but some well-equipped and well-armed "special envoys" who, after having fled for fear, have turned to be the loudest in accusation against our soldiers.

But I must confine myself to a statement contained in that letter which runs as follows: "They (the Italians) are wasting a large amount of money to no purpose, and although they obtained a loan from French banks some time back, they are not likely to get any more from that quarter."

This statement is entirely false and absolutely void of any foundation. The Italian Government has never asked, never obtained, and has never contemplated obtaining any loan, either from France or from any other foreign country, either officially or privately, or even in any temporary or provisional way.

I have the highest authority for this denial, and will be pleased to submit it to you if necessary. Italian financial resources are so strong and Italian credit is so good that foreign bankers would only be too glad to see Italy ready to borrow money, and I am sure that no banker in England or anywhere else would ever dream of offering Italy a loan at the same exorbitant rate as they have charged our enemies in their recent borrowing.

I trust, Sir, that you will publish my letter in your next issue, and remain

Yours truly,

M. PETTINATI,

London correspondent of "Il Popolo Romano"
(Rome), "La Gazzetta del Popolo" (Turin),
etc.

ROMAN AND ARAB IN TRIPOLI.

To the Editor of the SATURDAY REVIEW.

24 March 1912.

SIR,—Reading again, a few days ago, Mr. H. S. Cowper's "Record of his Investigation (1897) among the Trilithons and Megalithic Sites of Tripoli", I came upon the following passage:—

"... We see a country barren to a degree, in the valleys of which water can barely be found after March, and the population of which is almost confined to a few tribes of shepherd Arabs who build no houses but live in tents and earth holes. Yet in this arid sunburnt country we find a large tract over which are scattered the ruins of places of worship so numerous, and evincing such skill, that at one time the land must have held a large and highly cultured population. Since this was the case, we cannot doubt that a great climatic change must have occurred. Treeless and riverless as it now is, the country could not support such a population or foster such a civilisation as we find traces of in these ruins. Evidence tells us, too, that in Roman times the population was dense, for most of the *senam* (i.e. megalithic temple) sites are Romanised. The wells are probably of the same age in many instances, and Barth has told us how the Romans can be traced far into the desert by their monuments. A monument like the mausoleum at Kasr Doga would never have been erected here if the place was a wilderness. We may indeed be sure that in those days the now dry wadis ran with perennial streams, the wells were full of water, and the hills covered with forests of sub-tropical timber. The question is, when did the disafforesting and consequent drying up of the land take place? The answer is, I believe, that it commenced with the Arab invasion and went on until it was complete. It was the same in Tunisia. It was the same in Morocco. The Arabs, in spite of their fine qualities and lofty religious aims, have been to North Africa like a cloud of locusts. They have taken no thought for the morrow, and they have turned Barbary from a garden into a wilderness."

The Phœnician, of course, preceded the Roman; but the Roman seems not to have derogated from his work. Looking a little outside and beyond current politics, and ignoring for the moment such questions as to whether ten men or twelve were killed in a skirmish—might it not be better for the world that the Roman should have another chance?

Yours truly,

R. S. GUNDRY.

LESSONS OF THE PAST.

To the Editor of the SATURDAY REVIEW.

Edinburgh, 24 March 1912.

SIR,—Ten years before Napoleon set out on his expedition to Egypt, the Count de Volney wrote in his "Considérations sur la Guerre des Turcs avec les Russes": "D'abord, il faudra soutenir trois guerres: la première de la part de la Turquie, la seconde de la part des Anglais, la troisième enfin de la part des naturels de l'Égypte, et celle-là, quoiqu'en apparence la moins redoutable, serait, en effet, la plus dangereuse. Si des Francs osaient y débarquer, Turcs, Arabes, paysans s'armeraient contre eux; le fanatisme tiendrait lieu d'art et de courage."

With characteristic energy, Napoleon tackled first the supposedly most dangerous part of his task, and when his clever policy had ingratiated him with the Muhammadan population of the conquered territory, he tried conclusions with the Porte in Syria. The victorious campaign ended at Acre, where Sidney Smith turned the tables on him and proved that of the three

resistance was the hardest to crack. Yet things in Egypt might have taken a different turn if, called away by developments at home, he could have afforded to leave Desaix in command instead of Kléber.

Italy, meditating the Tripolitan coup, has evidently obtained freedom of action from Great Britain and the Mediterranean Powers. Frustrated in her hopes of immediate success, she relies now upon her backers in the international game of grab to bring the Turks to their knees. With regard to the most formidable obstacle of all in the way of making her annexation on paper one in fact, the subjection of the natives, miscalculations follow one another in rapid succession. More than five months ago, at the first news of Italy's new African enterprise, recalling her crushing defeat at Adua, I ventured to ask in the SATURDAY REVIEW whether she had counted its cost, not only to the world at large in a possible breakdown of the European Concert, but to herself, even assuming that everything should go as she wished.

If the Porte accepts the terms of the Marquis di San Giuliano's memorandum as published, in substance, in the "Corriere della Sera", what has Italy gained except a fictitious expansion of her colonial possessions? Peace with the Turks does not mean peace with the Arabs and Berbers of the Tripolitaine and Cyrenaica, with the fanatic nomads of the Fezzan. Not to speak of Tunis and Morocco, which still may have some surprises in store before the latest manufactured protectorate is recognised from the seaboard to the Atlas Mountains in the spirit of the agreement between Wilhelm-Strasse and Quai d'Orsay, it took France half a century of strenuous exertion and sacrifice to establish herself in Algeria. Is Italy ready for such a struggle? Whatever may be the issue of the present negotiations on the basis of her "irrevocable sovereignty" over the coveted Turkish provinces, the losses already sustained in prestige, blood and money are only the prelude to further troubles and trials which, to repeat it, her friends cannot but regret she is preparing for herself.

Faithfully yours,

J. F. SCHELTEMA.

HORACE ON THE CONCILIATION BILL.

To the Editor of the SATURDAY REVIEW.

17 Queensberry Place S.W.

19 March 1912.

SIR,—I would remind your nation that Imperial Rome, near 2000 years ago, suffered from a declining birth-rate and from woman's demand in consequence to vent her energies, thus liberated, in politics and other masculine pursuits. May the goddess Lucina and the fathers of your Senate come to your aid. To quote my "Carmen Sæculare",

"Diva, producas sobolem, Patrumque
Prosperes decreta super jugandis
Feminis, prolisque novæ feraci
Lege Marita".

I am, Sir, your obedient servant,

Q. HORATIUS FLACCUS.

FEMINIST WINDOW-BREAKERS.

To the Editor of the SATURDAY REVIEW.

20 March 1912.

SIR,—I cannot but wonder at and admire the fortitude and forbearance of the British mind as exemplified so remarkably throughout the persistent efforts and antics of the London suffragettes for a long time past. And yet I must confess my wonder and admiration were for a brief period dashed by misgivings lest such forbearance and such fortitude were in reality admirable—because, as it seemed to me, the outrageous conduct and ridiculous pranks of the suffragettes really warranted, and actually necessitated, severe measures. Hence I took it for granted that such forbearance on the part of the authorities might only be actuated, or suffered, on account of mere sentimental regard for weak and

mawkish "public opinion"; or else because of "political expediency".

But now that British law is right properly and potently asserting itself, and now the suffragettes are finding to their bitter cost that they cannot any longer violate and defy all law and order with impunity, I am delighted to note that the British mind and British authority are just as capable as ever of restoring order out of chaos, and of sternly vindicating British common sense and honour. Moreover, it is now quite clear that in so long enduring the clamour of the suffragettes, the British authorities were simply actuated by a manly sense of forbearance for the weakness and hysteria of the infatuated women comprising the great body of the suffragette agitators; and no better evidence of this need be adduced than that afforded by the fact that, in spite of all the fury and violence of the more rampant suffragettes, the London police force exercised the greatest tact and forbearance, and that no blood was shed, and no more force exercised than was absolutely necessary in the arrest of such incendiaries and termagants. In effect, it is quite safe to assert that had such scenes and tumults been enacted in any other land in the world than in Old England, summary methods and the severest measures would have been resorted to, on short shrift, and bullets and clubs would have been brought to bear on the ranks of such miscreants and malefactors. Indeed we need go no further than America, the United States, for practical evidence, or assurance, of the truth of my assertion; for even so lately as 7 March the wives of American strikers (women driven to desperation by their own and their families' sufferings and avowed wrongs) were charged and clubbed by soldiers and ruthlessly ridden down and assailed because of their violence!

And yet how far different have been the provocations and conditions of these two classes of women law-breakers! In the latter instance the sufferers were wives and mothers (or real women) who were driven to desperation by a deep sense of their wrongs and actual sufferings; whereas these London suffragettes are for the most part (or their "leaders", at all events) mere unsexed, idle and spoilt and pampered "society" creatures, whose "proud stomachs" and craze for notoriety and "soft places" assuredly need taming and stern restraint. The best "medicine" for such turbulents would be low diet and mental treatment. Or, to be quite just and discriminating, the "leaders" should be committed to long terms of imprisonment, with hard labour, while their dupes should be sent to Bedlam until quite cured.

As it is, they, the suffragettes, have done incalculable mischief to the suffragist cause; and whilst British legislators and the British public retain even a modicum of their inherited and glorious traditions and characteristics, as men of virile sense and hardihood, there will not be a ghost of a chance for woman suffrage so long as that cause is disgraced and "championed" by a rampant and utterly demented suffragette element. For as well might all the criminals and lunatics in the prisons and asylums of the entire land be "enfranchised" as the suffragettes. As well might it be urged that it is "persecution" to withhold the franchise from the common herd of lunatics and criminals as to pretend that those violent suffragettes are "persecuted". For wherein do they actually differ from lunatics and criminals?

Yours etc.,
EDWIN RIDLEY.

To the Editor of the SATURDAY REVIEW.

SIR,—“An Englishwoman” is apparently unaware that the mobs attacking the suffrage shop-windows were countenanced if not encouraged by the “law-enforcing” police. Some of the windows have been broken twice, in one case after repeated preliminary attempts had been watched in silence by constables. One arrest only was made in all London, the breaker in that case being fined ten shillings. Compare this with the shameful sentences passed on women who

broke (in no hysteria, but solemnly from a deep sense of duty, whether mistaken or not) in some cases merely a few shillings' worth of glass, and who were in all cases prepared to pay a just penalty.

Yours etc., B. A. SMITH.

THE ATTACK ON THE CHURCH IN WALES.

To the Editor of the SATURDAY REVIEW.

88 Bishop's Mansions, Fulham, S.W.

25 March 1912.

SIR,—The exciting events of the last month have rather overshadowed the proceedings in opposition to the attack on the Welsh Church. Under the auspices of the Church Defence Committee, which will need large funds to carry on the campaign, an immense number of meetings have been held all over the country, but as it is impossible to report them at any length except in local papers, the public do not realise what is being done. The Bishop of St. Asaph is supplying effective Welsh speakers in English parishes, and there is to be a protest meeting and a petition from every Welsh parish. The Bishop of S. David's is ubiquitous, speaking in clubs and drawing-rooms as well as at public meetings. One meeting he held at Shoreditch deserves to be specially named. It was attended by a bona-fide East End audience, whose hearts he won, and when he left they followed him up the street, cheering him. At this meeting the Rev. Dr. Gregory, a Wesleyan, prevented from speaking by illness, wrote: “I am convinced that Disestablishment and Disendowment would not further the general interests of religion in the Principality, and I specially feel the unfairness of treating the Welsh dioceses as though they were not integral parts of the Anglican Church. The disendowment proposals of the 1909 Bill were unjust, dishonourable to the nation, and even dishonest. I can assure the Bishop of S. David's that many quiet Nonconformists and very many Wesleyans are with him in the contest”. Such words cannot be too widely spread. Again, few realise that at last, under the leadership of the Dean of Lincoln, a lifelong Radical, the Liberal clergy are protesting against the Bill, and have held a meeting under the chairmanship of the Bishop of Birmingham. What is wanted now is for the laity of all classes to resolve that the Bill shall not become law. It is not a clerical question. It is one in principle affecting all classes in separating religion from the national life, but practically it will bear most hardly on the poor.

Yours faithfully, ERNEST J. A. FITZROY.

REASON AND VIVISECTION.

To the Editor of the SATURDAY REVIEW.

The Animal Defence and Anti-Vivisection Society,
170 Piccadilly W., 25 March 1912.

SIR,—In the article on “Reason and Vivisection” which appeared in your issue of the 16th inst. you refer to me in the following words: “A lady who wrote the ‘Shambles of Science’ broke down ludicrously. She had a story of a marmot paralysed by the division of the spinal cord. One welcomes the ray of humour amidst unpleasant topics when we learn that the lady misinterpreted the natural stiffness of a marmot's legs on awakening from its annual hibernation; and that it lived two years after its supposed vivisection and died naturally”. Will you permit me to state that the “story” in the “Shambles of Science” never referred to any paralysis in the marmot. The book refers to this animal in the following words: “We once saw a marmot, the spinal cord of which had previously been divided, bite a vivisector. His finger was bleeding a little”, etc. (page 27). This was a comparatively trivial incident introduced for the purpose of drawing attention to the respective temperaments of an old laboratory animal and a vivisector. The fact of the “bite” is admitted in Inspector Thane's evidence (Q. 1272). Dr. Pembrey denies that the spinal cord had been divided, though he admits that the animal was in a state of paraplegia, and that “the hind legs were quite

paralysed and drawn out behind the body" (page 17 of the Report). The Commission have accepted his denial as conclusive, though they make no attempt to dispute the fact that experiments involving the division of the spinal cord are by no means uncommon in this country. They do not involve any "torture", nor have they been specially attacked by anti-vivisectionists. I never claimed to have seen the operation, nor have I commented upon it beyond the statement quoted above.

But in my evidence before the Commission I stated that Dr. Pembrey had subjected this marmot to starvation experiments without holding the necessary certificate. These experiments are admitted by Dr. Pembrey (Q. 13,992), and in the sixth Volume of Evidence, published by the Commission, my charge is completely substantiated by Dr. G. D. Thane, Chief Inspector under the Vivisection Act. He writes (page 22): "The fasting experiments on the animal I did not know of; Dr. Pembrey considered that they did not come under the Act, and therefore they were not reported. When the experiments were brought to the knowledge of the Home Office, Dr. Pembrey was informed that the Secretary of State is of opinion that experiments involving the keeping of a marmot without food for fifty-two hours should not be performed without the authority of a licence and certificate".

You think that I "broke down ludicrously". Dr. George Wilson reports that "throughout her long and severe examination Miss Lind-af-Hageby maintained her contentions with unwavering forcefulness, and an abundance of apposite illustrations and quotations from recognised authorities in support of them" (Final Report, page 77). I have no objection to being called "ludicrous", and modesty would have precluded me from quoting Dr. George Wilson's remarks on my conduct if the assertion in your article had not been seriously inaccurate in regard to the nature of the evidence offered.

Yours faithfully,

L. LIND-AF-HAGEBY.

"BLACKENING BOSWELL."

To the Editor of the SATURDAY REVIEW.

Little Clarendon, Dinton, Salisbury.

SIR,—Surely the answer to Boswell's revilers, from Macaulay down to Mr. Percy Fitzgerald, is a ready and final one in five words—"Impossible, he was Johnson's friend". Even your concession that Mr. Fitzgerald has a perfect right to be on the side of Macaulay may be challenged on Johnson's own principle that, though every man has a right to his opinion, yet every other man has a right to knock him down for it. An intellectual outrage is no more justifiable than a physical. Howsoever great his faults and foibles, Boswell will find full sanctuary, for his master's sake if not for his own, in the shrine of loyal affection which every truly humane man of letters has set up for Johnson. But these attacks pertain to the output of literæ inhumaniores.

I am, yours, etc.,

GEORGE ENGLEHEART.

SONNET.—THE TREE OF CANT.

RARE and refreshing fruit—Oh ruddy and rare
And odorous! Behold the Tree of Cant
And vain Imaginings which we did plant
That it might spread bright branches on the air
And drop for each poor man a rich man's share,
And yield the lords of sentiment and rant
And every charlatan and recusant
The proud rewards such arborage should bear.

How it did prosper and blossom, our tree of trees,
Like the old green bay tree in the old Script . . .
But now by frosts of Doom it hath been nipped,
And to our frightened glances it appears
Blackier than the funereal cypresses,
And we must water it with Front Bench tears.

T. W. H. C.

REVIEWS.

THE MACHINE-BREAKER.

"A Critical Exposition of Bergson's Philosophy." By J. McKellar Stewart. London: Macmillan. 1911. 5s. net.

THE tyranny of mathematics and mechanics is still far too potent to-day, not only in the workaday world of concrete experience but also in the realm of spiritual and philosophic conceptions. Body and soul alike, we are slaves of the machine, as Bishop Magee long ago pointed out. Our whole life is tinctured with its conceptions. The majority of our metaphors, even in such a vital subject as education, are mechanical rather than biological. As for those actually engaged in business, the machine and the mechanical dominate equally the man and his master. Is there any wonder then that the enormous mass of workers in this country, lying as it were under its crushing weight, are arising like the fabled giant that lay beneath Ætna and are threatening thereby to produce a seismic convulsion that may rend the very foundations of the State? All administration again, whether business, municipal or national, is obsessed by the same one-sided conception. It consistently tends to deal with human beings as if they were mere tools and instruments—as things without life and feeling instead of creatures of flesh and blood. Even in the spiritual world we find our religious beliefs tainted with doctrines of predestination or its present incarnation—determinism, that bastard of modern science, while the principal orthodox philosophies take the form of a barren rationalism or of an anæmic idealism, which has been emasculated of some of the most potent elements of life. L'homme-machine is being converted into the machine-homme. The neglect of the arts and crafts that kept man in direct contact with Nature has driven him to seek his gods among the dry and lifeless abstractions of the laboratory or the still coarser and cruder idols of the factory and the mart. If there were not still some life left in the Churches, and if the crowd were not still largely if unconsciously Christian in its humanity, the state of Western Europe would indeed be a parlous one.

Happily there are signs of a breakdown of this tyranny of the machine, and in some cases our chief liberators have been the modern mathematicians themselves, though their disciples are not yet so numerous as they might be. No one has shown more fully, not indeed the bankruptcy of mathematics but their limitations and inadequacy to interpret the deeper mysteries of life, than the late Jules Tannery. To quote M. Bouteux' eloquent obituary notice on this mathematician, one of the foremost in France. "As a philosophic mathematician, he understood that all objects cut to the measure of our intelligence are in relation to being and life only more or less empty symbols of the reality they express. Algebraic signs are the antipodes of being: they owe their perfection to the total elimination of the real element in things. The very forms of literature and the plastic arts evoke in us the feeling of life, though they are not in themselves life and feeling. Quite different is the value of music. In it there is surely a living element of life and of human emotion which is directly communicated from the genius of the artist to the soul of his hearers".

This passage seems to us admirably to represent the attitude of M. Bergson in contrast against that of the orthodox schools of philosophy. He does not despise mathematics but he relegates them and the sciences which depend on them to their proper place in the spiritual world, while he sees in art and life and in their analysis a deeper key to the mysteries of existence. For him life is a whole, not a mere desiccated rationalism or anæmic idealism, saigné à blanc of most of its living elements. No one has shown more clearly the limits of the domain of mathematics and of the quantitative sciences. This is well brought out in Mr. J. McKellar Stewart's analysis of Bergson's thought in the critical

exposition of his doctrines. Science for Bergson becomes more and more symbolic as it proceeds from the physical to the vital. He sees very clearly that the mechanical can only explain what is mechanical in the world and in us, and that there is a higher region of sympathetic insight, the sphere of the poet in fact, that discloses truths that deductive science is incapable of revealing.

The highest philosophy seems to demand the reunion of science and poetry which in its broadest meaning of "the made", "the created", is only another name for Art. The ideal critic therefore of philosophy should possess a certain measure not only of the scientific and analytic spirit but also of the artistic and synthetic. His mind should be a sieve to sift out the seeds of truth, not merely a mincing machine for reducing everything to an undifferentiated powder—mere analysis run mad leading to nothing but the blankest identity. To identify everything is to identify nothing. Anyone can pull a daisy to pieces and then say it does not exist. The real difficulty is to put it together again. Or to put our thoughts in a slightly different form, one can by analysis (which fortunately remains purely mental) reduce the universe to a disconnected mass of fragments and atoms, but that does not prove that the Kosmos does not exist. We are far from thinking that M. Bergson has said the last word on philosophy, and those who have the privilege of knowing him are aware that he is the last man in the world to put forward any such claim, but we are eternally grateful to him for helping to break down the all-pervading tyranny of the mechanical theory of life which the nineteenth century bequeathed us. If the nineteenth may be described as the century of quantitative philosophy, the twentieth, thanks to Bergson and others, will be described as that of qualitative.

AN OVERRATED EPIC.

"The Lay of the Nibelung Men." Translated by A. S. Way. Cambridge: At the University Press. 1911. 10s. 6d. net.

IT is perhaps natural that Germans should unduly exalt the "Nibelungenlied", in order to eke out the scanty amount of their poetical literature which is of the first rank. An unprejudiced reader cannot disguise from himself that the work is not really an epic, but is an overgrown ballad. Dr. Way, whose fine and spirited translation is now under review, has discarded the division into stanzas of four lines, and disguises as well as he can the stiff and formal cæsura, saying that it has always seemed to him "a literary offence so to print an epic as to convey the suggestion that it is but a long ballad". But nothing that Dr. Way can do, not even his adoption of the far finer rhythm in which William Morris retold the story of the Volsungs, can disguise the fact that the poem is balladic and not epic. It jolts along through its thirty-nine "Aventiuren" in the reckless manner of the popular ballad-monger, with his perpetual flat moralisings to finish up his stanzas and his disregard of continuity.

The poem, it is well known, falls into two nearly equal portions. The earlier part, extending down to the death of Siegfried, probably possesses more merit than we are inclined to attribute to it, since we are compelled to judge it by the vastly finer versions of the Saga-writers, Wagner and Morris. Contrast, for instance, the puerilities of the winning of Brünnhilde in this poem and the magnificent tale with which we are so familiar. The later part is very much better, yet even here the singers' grip is perpetually failing them. The journey of the Burgundians to Etzel's Court lacks the feeling of inevitable doom which it should have conveyed, and which the authors are evidently trying to convey, to the reader. The night watch, Dancwart's fight, and the first fight in the hall are undoubtedly tremendous, where they are not injured by exaggeration; but after the death of Rüdiger and Gernot the interest wavers. There seems to be no particular reason why the surviving Burgundians should

have refused to give up Rüdiger's body, nor why Theodoric of Verona should have taken such an excessive interest in the fate of his paternal aunt's daughter's husband. In the last Adventure of all we long for a climax, but only find that Theodoric ties up Gunther and Hagen after a feeble contest, and that they have their heads hacked off somewhere underground by Kriemhild. This is not the stuff with which great epics conclude.

Dr. Way's translation, as we have said, is fine and spirited. Its long lines make it rather verbose, and we sometimes regret the businesslike conciseness of phrase of the original, which makes up, to some extent, by conciseness of this kind for its prolixity in other respects. Dr. Way, too, shows at times a tendency to sentimentality, and the original is never sentimental, whatever else it may be. We find such a line as:

"Yet her hour drew near, and the breaking of the glory-dawn of love",

which represents nothing more recondite than "sit wart si mit êren eins vil küenen recken wip" ("thereafter became she with honour the wife of a very brave knight"). This may be prosaic, but it is business. Or again:

"Then his thoughts after fair dream-faces of maids flew questing wide".

"Dream-faces" is, we believe, the title of a popular waltz; but the worthy ballad-singer merely tells us that Siegfried "began with understanding to woo a fair woman". Still less was his heart "borne down love's dream-river". These blemishes, however, appear mainly at the beginning of the translation, and as early as the war with the Saxons Dr. Way is on his mettle and full of vigour. He is, indeed, always at his best in the scenes of battle. There are a few oddities of language which strike us unpleasantly, such as "battle-blencher", meaning, apparently, one who blanches from battle (in the original "zagen"), "honour-athirst" ("ehre gernde"), and "his wound-less secret", which corresponds to nothing in the German, and must be an expression of almost Alexandrine subtlety for "the secret of the reason why he could not be wounded".

On the whole, however, the version deserves high praise. It should perhaps be mentioned that it is based on Bartsch's text, and the additional strophes of the manuscript known as C, with some of the rearrangements suggested by Simrock.

A GREAT SEA OFFICER.

"The Life of Lord Anson." By Captain W. V. Anson. London: Murray. 1912. 7s. 6d. net.

ANSON was born on S. George's Day, 1697, and fifty years later won his great victory over the French off Cape Finisterre. That was in the year 1747, when young Jervis ran away from school in order to be a sailor. Another fifty years later, in 1797, on S. Valentine's Day, Jervis won the battle of S. Vincent over the Spaniards. Both battles came at critical periods in our history. Both were the precursors of a series of victories under leaders selected and trained by the two great admirals who gave up the command of fleets in order to administer the whole Navy. In the case of Anson the Navy was thereby enabled to win our Empire, and in the case of S. Vincent to give it the priceless boon of a century of maritime peace for its development. The author in the title of this work describes Lord Anson as the Father of the British Navy. It was a fond appellation also given to Lord S. Vincent, so well known that when he visited Toulon in 1818 the French admiral Missessy in his address called him "as much the Father of the French as of the English Navy". Incidentally it is fitting to mention that Anson knew Jervis and his family well, selected him for promotion to lieutenant and for service under Saunders in the expedition which captured Quebec. While S. Vincent exhibited a far higher courage than Anson in

fighting the political corruption which threatened for a century to undermine the Navy, it must be acknowledged that his resentment went too far in leading him to spurn the offer of the command of the Channel Fleet in war while Pitt was in office in 1806, and that the perfect harmony revealed in Captain Anson's pages between Anson and the elder Pitt is the proper attitude of the sailor to the statesman for the common good of the empire.

Captain W. V. Anson is obviously not a skilled writer, but he knows what is of importance from the sailor's point of view. He has done his work conscientiously with painstaking directness, so that the student will find a well-indexed, carefully dated account of Lord Anson's naval career, and one which is admirably illustrated.

Anson was first in action when Byng, afterwards Lord Torrington, acting under orders, destroyed the whole Spanish fleet in 1718 without a declaration of war. Later in life Anson selected Torrington's son for the command of the expedition for which Byng suffered the death penalty. Against this mistake we may fairly set his choice of Hawke, Boscawen, Rodney, Howe, Duncan, Saunders and Byron, who were advanced by him sometimes in the teeth of much opposition. It was no easy task to advance the right officers in days when the possessors of rotten boroughs openly used their power for the promotion of inefficient men. Anson's tact led to soldiers and sailors working in harmony in combined expeditions, which ceased to be a byword for quarrels and failures. He can claim to have founded the Marines, for whom S. Vincent obtained the distinction of "Royal". He originated the idea of training boys for the Navy, one which did not bear much fruit until a century later, when it came to supersede the primitive press-gang altogether. He made decisive victories possible by shaking off rigid fighting instructions. He improved our ships, for experience in his great voyage round the world and in blockading Brest taught him the need, and the "Victory", built shortly after his career ended, was still considered one of the finest ships of his day when she carried Nelson's flag at Trafalgar.

Appreciating what it meant to esprit de corps, Anson introduced a uniform for the Navy in 1747. His biographer says that "it may seem curious, but it is stated that previous to this, officers bought old soldiers' coats in the Mediterranean and trimmed them with black". He was, like S. Vincent, a strict disciplinarian, for it was no easy task to handle men who were abominably treated by corrupt administrations. In 1746, or the year previous to his victory, he mentions that the "Lynn" was about to pay her men two weeks in six of their pay, but as some of the ships were seven years in arrear, he thought this would cause discontent. Against the gibes of Horace Walpole may be set Chatham's panegyric in the House of Lords, in 1770, which in this case we infer was correctly reported, when he described Lord Anson as "the greatest and most respectable naval authority that has ever existed in this country. . . . To his wisdom and his experience and care the nation owes the glorious successes of the last war". The story of Anson lives on. He transmitted by personal contact the sacred traditions of the Navy to Jervis, who became Lord S. Vincent. Of S. Vincent's captains Sir William Parker did not die until 1866. Sir Arthur Wilson's early career may have come within Parker's knowledge. Thus might four great admirals, in over two centuries, pass on the great tradition of duty.

DRAGON'S TEETH.

"Gun-running and the Indian North-West Frontier."
By the Hon. Arnold Keppel. London: Murray.
1911. 9s. net.

TO the war-like tribesman of the Indian borderland a good rifle has become almost a necessity. The Tirah campaign of 1897 taught the frontier clans the value of modern high-velocity weapons, and since then a huge traffic in arms of this class has sprung up in

the Persian Gulf, the central depôt being Muscat, whence the rifles are shipped to the Eastern shore of the Gulf, where they are delivered to caravans of Afghan traders who sell them to the Pathans. This traffic was already considerable in 1902, but it was not till 1907 that the Indian authorities were roused to serious action by the news that 30,000 rifles had been run in one batch from the Gulf to Kandahar. The Government then attempted the not uncommon feat of shutting the stable door after the horse was gone, only to find that the door would not close, as the Sultan of Muscat had been given treaty rights which enabled him to turn his territory into a base for the gun-runners, and the French had granted the use of their flag to certain native traders in the Gulf, thereby debarring British cruisers from searching them at sea. France declined to withdraw this privilege, or to help in putting down the traffic in arms, except at a price which Great Britain could not pay without loss of territory and dignity, and the only course left open was to enforce a naval blockade of the Eastern coast of the Gulf and prevent the rifles being landed. This has succeeded fairly well, many cargoes have been confiscated, and the Muscat traders are now very cautious, but the result has been to exasperate both the Pathans and the Ghilzai dealers who do the gun-running, and while relations on our frontier have grown very strained, we have had to send several small expeditions to South-East Persia.

Mr. Keppel has evidently studied the frontier question carefully from books, and during a two months' visit in the winter of 1910 he collected a certain amount of information on the spot. He then made a short trip to the Persian Gulf, and subsequently was lucky enough to be allowed to accompany the Mekran Field Force, a mixed column of about one thousand men, which in April 1911 made two small advances into Persian Baluchistan to prevent a large armed caravan of Ghilzai traders from obtaining the arms for which they had come down. Of this expedition the author gives an interesting account, but though successful in its immediate object, the Mekran Field Force can hardly be said to have had much influence on the suppression of the trade in rifles.

Mr. Keppel's views on frontier questions are at times a little mixed, as might be expected of a cold-weather visitor who has read many books on the subject, and some of his opinions are distinctly conflicting. Discussing the present policy of "conciliation", which he approves, as opposed to the "forward policy", he says that our duty is to "back up the man on the spot", but yet he admits that the entire military opinion on the frontier and a large part of the political opinion is in favour of the "forward policy" and condemns the present system. His main argument against the "forward policy" is that if we extended our administrative frontier to meet that of Afghanistan, we should soon be drawn into a war with that State, and for this he considers our army in India at present inadequate, while he regards the possibility of reinforcement from outside as doubtful. He believes that the "forward policy" was purely a military countermove to the Russian advance on India, and that all danger of this is now past. Every one of these premises is open to argument, but without entering into a discussion on these highly debatable points, one may well ask how it is that after twelve years of so-called conciliation, North and South Waziristan and the Derajat are neither so peaceful, so contented, nor so safe to live in as during the days of Sandeman and Bruce, when the "forward policy" was in full swing. Governments may shut their eyes to unpleasant facts, but every soldier and executive civil official from Wano to Abazai knows well that the Border is seething with disaffection fomented from Afghanistan, that the general rising which almost broke out in September 1910 is only postponed, and that, owing to our weakness and negligence, the Pathan tribes are now armed with tens of thousands of modern rifles and millions of rounds of ammunition, which will render a frontier campaign as difficult and dangerous as any duty which soldiers can be called upon to perform.

A late crisis in Europe offered an opportunity to induce France to modify her arrangements with the gunrunners. If they were deprived of French support, an end could soon be put to a trade which seriously threatens the peace of India, but the Home Government were not equal to the occasion. The matter is one of the deepest gravity. Our recent policy in the East has destroyed our friendship with Afghanistan, opened unlimited possibilities of trouble in Persia, and made a certainty in the next few years of a war against the finest rifle-shots and skirmishers in the world, armed to the teeth, thanks to our neglect, with modern weapons little inferior to our own. Vacillation, indecision and compromise, a long period of toleration followed by a short outburst of repression and a premature withdrawal, have for years been the leading features of our frontier administration. A strong and consistent policy, independent of party changes in England, stern justice, leaning rather to the side of severity than to that of mercy, and inflexible adherence to a decision once announced, are the only means of preserving peace on the frontier. The lack of such a policy will cost us dear.

COST AND PROFIT.

"Depreciation and Wasting Assets." By P. D. Leake. London: Good. 1912. 10s. 6d. net.

IT is always gratifying to find a man who practises a trade or profession devoting his spare time to the study of its scientific or theoretical side. In his directions for the continuation of education through life—the Platonic ideal—Jowett wrote that one of the best ways of doing it is for a man to study theoretically what he practises daily, that is, to understand the principles on which rule-of-thumb performance is based. We know scores of business men who have not the faintest idea why they do what they do almost mechanically; and we have seen a banker in the witness-box who could only explain an accommodation bill by saying that it was a bill for the accommodation of a customer. Mr. Percy Leake is a well-known chartered accountant in the City, and he has written many books on the economic principles that underlie the balance-sheets which it is his daily duty to audit. The book before us is not merely a valuable handbook for directors and secretaries of companies—indeed, it is rather too difficult for popular use—it is a close and logical analysis of an important branch of political economy, the relation, namely, of cost to profit. It may seem absurd, but the distinction between capital and income, between credit and debit, between profit and loss, is so fluent, that it is perpetually lost or confused by business men in accounts of any complexity. Mr. Leake points out, and it is indeed the ground-note of all his books on the subject, that cost is not confined to the money paid for a property or a business (which is the popular idea), but is "the amount of value consumed in securing the value produced". In other words, the annual expenditure of a business, in wages, purchase of stock, cultivation of the soil, sinking shafts, is or may be as much a part of the cost as the purchase price. Indeed, Mr. Leake goes so far as to say that "cost incurred during any period has no relation to the value purchased or paid for, but is the amount of value consumed during that period". This seems to us to be putting it rather high. For suppose a property to be bought for £100,000, and at the end of twenty years to be worth more than £100,000—not an uncommon case: and supposing that the property cost £4,000 a year to work, and brought in a revenue of £10,000 a year. What is the cost of that property? Most people would say £100,000. But apparently Mr. Leake would say £80,000, as that is the value consumed during the period. Of course, Mr. Leake's doctrine of depreciation is only applicable to wasting assets. An investment company, which holds stocks and shares merely for the purpose of receiving dividends, or the owners of freeholds or ninety-nine years' leases, need not be alarmed by the pitfalls and possible legal liabilities which Mr.

Leake unfolds before them. But the directors of industrial companies, of all undertakings owning wasting assets, would do well to read Mr. Leake's chapters on depreciation, which he defines as "expired capital outlay". Mr. Leake's point is that unless the capital is maintained intact dividends ought not to be paid: or, to put it differently, that where dealing with wasting assets, the revenue must be perpetually replacing the waste, so as to keep the capital intact. This is generally done in a rough and ready way, by building up a reserve fund out of revenue. But the author contends that there is no accurate or scientific system of measuring depreciation from year to year, though of course in the case of such obviously wasting assets as industrial plant, ships, or terminable annuities, there is a recognised method. The point is one of great practical importance, as well as of scientific interest, and Mr. Leake develops his own remedies in a manner too technical for reproduction in a review, but well deserving the study of all men connected with the management of joint-stock companies.

NOVELS.

"Fathers of Men." By E. W. Hornung. London: Smith, Elder. 1912. 6s.

The difficulties of writing a satisfactory story of public school life seem almost insuperable. Mr. Hornung has endeavoured to steer a middle course between brutal realism and colourless romance, but it must be owned that he has never succeeded in getting far from the conventional. His intentions were obviously of the best, for in the beginning he gives us two boys with well-defined characters. Jan is a son of the people thrown against his will into the midst of a youthful aristocracy, whilst the other boy, Carpenter, is an enthusiast moving in a society where everything is taken for granted. A fine opportunity for tracing the development of character seems to present itself, but one is disappointed to note how quickly Mr. Hornung's youngsters become mere puppets. They play their parts in the school life, but they have no life beyond it, and this, we venture to think, is not the case with the boy who possesses any real individuality. In imagination at least he has an existence above and beyond masters, class-rooms, detention, and even the cricket-field. It is, however, almost impossible for any grown man to recall correctly what were once his feelings and character, and his memory of past years is filled mainly by affection for the school itself. Hence come the more or less conventional boys of fiction, and to their list Mr. Hornung has added another two. Everything else in the book is excellent. Each of the masters seems to be either a familiar friend or an old foe, but their pupils have proved elusive. The book is to some extent a defence of the public school system, for it endeavours to show how two boys who begin by being somewhat out of the ordinary can be made into model British citizens. Opponents, however, might fairly suggest that Jan without his athletic powers could easily have become a misanthrope, whilst the other, laughed out of his enthusiasm for things in general, would have become a searcher after strange gods had his friend not proved the hero he could worship. Some of these difficulties are seen by the author, but there is no doubt that he makes his claim from a very certain conviction.

"Success." By Una L. Silberrad. London: Constable. 1912. 6s.

Michael Annarly, an extremely original and clever inventor and engineer serving "Galhardy's", a foundry and works as large and as important as Elswick, is charged before the Board of Directors with some technical irregularity in the disposal of certain foreign rights in one of his inventions, and is dismissed. Mrs. Silberrad takes care to make it clear from the first that his dismissal is unjust, and is nothing less than another manifestation of the hopeless position of one individual with reference to a conscienceless industrial corporation.

Michael, possessed of the artistic temperament of genius, is intolerant of restraint, and his cantankerousness towards his employers, which may justify their personal attitude towards him but cannot excuse their conduct, is finely indicated. He subsides, however, into apparently tame circumstances, accepting hack-work in the office of his uncle, an expert in antique furniture, and takes up his residence in the old house in Soho which is both dwelling-house and show-room. Here he comes into contact with Nan, his cousin, a girl of quiet sense, in whom Mrs. Silberrad slowly but surely arouses the reader's interest. By degrees Nan puts enough heart into Michael to make him, the out-cast of Galhardy's, attempt to recover some of the reputation he has lost in the eyes of the engineering world; but at more than one crisis—the fall of a chimney upon a generating-station is very cleverly drawn—Michael's instinct is more to get the work done than to make it known that he did it. This is Mrs. Silberrad's purpose in calling this novel "Success"; fame is not the only spur that raises the clear spirit. The story flows easily, and is full of clever scenes. The writing is often careless, abounding in colloquialisms not reduced to order. A competent proof-reader should have eliminated these and innumerable other small carelessnesses.

"The Love that Lives." By Mabel Osgood Wright. New York: Macmillan. 1912. 5s.

This is one of the books which make a reader ask whether America can fitly be called the New World. All that we are accustomed to in this country seems amazingly modern when compared with the life here described. It is true that the tale does not profess to deal with the people of to-day, but the fact that its pages were written but a few months ago is alone enough to make us wonder. To read of women who took their knitting with them when they made an afternoon call, and of girls who called their lovers "beaux", is to bring thoughts of a class of fiction which most know but by repute. It is all a chronicle of simple people, made in simple style, and its "mystery" of a Canadian girl whose mother left her to enter a convent is just the wan shade of a problem such as was allowed most decorously to haunt the sleep of the young ladies who wore ringlets seventy years ago. A finer element is the character of Benjamin, the man who stinted himself that his brother might be prepared for the ministry, and saw the girl he loved married to the boy he had educated, whilst he stood aside, deeming himself too rough and clownish for her gentility. Perhaps the author has thought that this side of the story contains too many suggestions of a tragedy, for it provides no more than a striking background before which a number of young people frisk about in the intervals of paying court to one another. The tale is the less disturbing, and in these days we certainly need now and then to find a novel with which we can be at rest, but to speak frankly, it is difficult to take an interest in anybody else whilst Benjamin is in our thoughts. Some of the glimpses of life in a New England country town are mildly amusing, and advocates of a "liberated" Church might read with profit of the trials of a minister of religion who is dependent on the support of his congregation.

"Dead Men's Bells." By Frederick Niven. London: Secker. 1912. 6s.

There is that in Mr. Niven's manner which makes his story interesting almost, one might say, in spite of himself. The story, for a short one, is very slow to start. It dallies for five chapters, a quarter of its length, over nothing that has any vital bearing on the main theme of its adventure, beyond being the cause of the hero sharing it. This indifference to effectiveness is characteristic of the author's method, and is to a curious degree responsible for the charm of his book. He takes such interest in the inessential, and makes so little of opportunity, that the story gathers insensibly, from its resemblance in narration to a formless record of fact, an air of plain and incontestable reality. Its scenes are not painted for their picturesqueness, but from the hold

they have upon the writer's affections. As pieces of scenery they might have been done so much better, but, even while thinking that, one is aware how his quiet view of them has sunk into one's consciousness. "All these West Highlands of Scotland have a deep glamour, and if they go into the heart at all, go into it for ever." It is the same with the story. Its incidents are just thrown into order as they happened, or so it seems, with no particular attempt to make them telling, or to use the sense of relevancy to heighten their effect. The wild ways of the pirates on the march, their brawlings and murders, which lead to much, are recounted with even less attempt to give them eminence than is the entry for a few moments of an innkeeper's daughter, which leads to nothing; while at the moment of intensest expectation the narrator discourses on systems of agriculture and the run-rig idea. This might seem to be artistic subtlety, but there is that in its natural persuasiveness which transcends artistry and has its sources deeper. The language used is admirably characteristic of its period, not an easy one to transcribe well, and more than once the author shows of what a flight its weighty wings are capable.

"A Sentimental Cynic." By Will Westrup. London: Alston Rivers. 1912. 6s.

As a preface warns us to find "fact and fiction inextricably tangled in the following chapters", it may be that Breynell in the colony of Natal does not number amongst its inhabitants quite so large a proportion of slangy people as appears in this picture of their community. The strange thing is that the slangier they are the more one is expected to admire them. One would have thought that the "flapper" heroine Olga had well-nigh exhausted any ordinary author's stock, but Mr. Westrup has a little in reserve for himself, and the gentlemanly drunkard with the cheap and youthful cynicism who is fitted into the title rôle runs Olga very close in the matter of language. This hero is ultimately cured of course by the faith of the nice slangy girls—there are several of them—in his better self. We rather wondered how these innocents got at it, but evidently the argot of a fourth-rate schoolboy must be a sign of submerged virtue. The designing Edith, whose open-work stockings the author unduly emphasises, is comparatively unpicturesque of speech. The best chapters in the book deal with the Zulu rising. Its general outlook is curiously unsophisticated, and its tone harmlessly vulgar.

"Marie." By H. Rider Haggard. London: Cassell. 1912. 6s.

The frontispiece, a very crude piece of colour, showing a boy and girl who "gave over love-making and turned their attention to war", is aptly indicative of the character of the story. The colour of that too is crude, with rapid alternations between love-making and war, and the youthfulness of the protagonists accords well enough with the crudity, for the book is less a novel than a book for boys, and would have seemed more appropriate in the Christmas season. But though the style, which so curiously suggests a well-made translation, and character of the book seem designed for youthful readers, it has an historical interest with a more mature appeal since it deals with so significant an incident in the history of South Africa as the wanderings of the trek-Boers into the fever veld, describing their terrible sufferings before they perished near Delagoa Bay, and the massacre of Retief and his companions by the Zulu king Dingaan. Those acquainted with the later adventures of Allan Quatermain will very possibly be glad to read this account of his youth and earliest love affair.

"The Shadow of Power." By Paul Bertram. London: Lane. 1912. 6s.

An atmosphere of suspicion and intrigue pervades the pages of this diary of Don Jaime de Jorquera, Governor of Geertruydenberg in the Low Countries under King

Philip of Spain and afterwards (when circumstances make him a renegade in spite of himself) of the town of Gouda under the Prince of Orange. Snatching a beautiful woman from the stake under the very nose of the delegate of the Inquisition he becomes suspect at the beginning as to his Catholicism; turned nominally Calvinist, and admonishing Minister Jordaens for his intolerance of priests he is denounced in the Council of Dutch Burghers as a Papist. His theology indeed was a little "new" for the sixteenth century. An atmosphere of suspicion is exciting when the rack and the dungeon are never far away and unorthodoxy is treason in the one camp and in the other something to be tortured for its eternal welfare. This is the background here, and there are grim doings against it; there was a tiger in Don Jaime as well as a preacher. But the putting out the eyes of a concupiscent priest is a cheap thrill. More worthy of the author is the rapier-play of wits that flickers through a good deal of the dialogue. Action consists not merely in excursions and alarms; Don Jaime's progress towards recognition of the nothingness of the power he wielded is itself another instance of it. The indubitable grip of the story upon the reader would not have been lessened if its third part had been shorter; but it remains an outstanding piece of fiction.

SHORTER NOTICES.

"The Case against Home Rule." By L. S. Amery M.P. London: The West Strand Publishing Company. 1912. 3d.

Mr. Amery's small volume, into which he packs the essentials of the Home Rule problem, appears opportunely. April is to see the new Home Rule Bill, and if the forthcoming demonstration in Ulster is to be properly understood it should be read in the light of Mr. Amery's very pertinent and forceful arguments, urged from the Imperial, the Irish, the economic, the federal, the national, and the religious standpoints. Mr. Amery leaves no shred of a case for Home Rule. Ireland to-day, thanks to Unionist measures, is not the Ireland of 1886 or 1893. Home Rule would have aggravated troubles then: it would carry ruin and conflict where now there is undoubted prosperity and peace. Tariff reform, the resumption of land purchase, and a constructive economic and industrial policy will give Ireland opportunities that could never be hers under a Nationalist régime. One especially noteworthy suggestion which Mr. Amery makes is that train ferries should link up England and Ireland; they would dispose of Colonel Seely's contention that the Irish Sea makes political union between the British and Irish democracies impossible. "Except want of imagination, there is no conceivable reason why the Irish Sea should not long ago have been traversed by at least as many train ferry lines as Lake Michigan." The Irish Sea would be robbed of its terrors, commerce would receive a sharp fillip, and the fine natural harbours of the west of Ireland would be available for purposes undreamed of to-day. With so much accomplished in the last twenty years, and with such opportunities for the future, it would be the cruellest stroke of irony if Ireland were plunged into bankruptcy and disorder that party necessities might be relieved. Mr. Amery's case is doubly proved: if the Imperial arguments were not conclusive, the Nationalist propaganda would stand condemned as treachery not merely to Ulster but to Ireland as a whole.

"Romanesque Architecture in France." Edited by Dr. Julius Baum. London: Heinemann. 1912. 25s. net.

Messrs. Heinemann are publishing here some two hundred and fifty excellent photographs illustrative of the Romanesque buildings in France, with a short "Introduction". Besides the examples, familiar in text-books but now for the most part "restored" out of all original likeness, the views give many of the less known churches—such as those at Cahors, Couques, and Solignac, still untouched and most valuable for architectural history. Also there are here the fine "Domed Churches of Charente", which for English readers have been illustrated only in E. Sharpe's rare volume. There is no arrangement by dates nor reference to them in the titles, but a meagre index attached offers some wide generalisations. This neglect of dates is a pity, for exactness to ten years or so was possible in most cases, and the interest of the varied and picturesque experiments in building, which the photographs show, depends largely on

a knowledge of their sequence. We get little help, too, from the prefatory analysis of Romanesque style in France. Its writer, Dr Julius Baum, aims at summarising the artistic essence of the French architecture by the theory that it was a devotion to interiors, and he is undeterred by three-quarters of his photographs being those of exterior effects. It is curious, however, that he makes mention of the sumptuous Romanesque painting of interiors, which would have helped his argument. Still all this style cannot be dealt with as specially French: the spring of the Romanesque movement was monastic, and monasticism was determinedly cosmopolitan. Dr. Baum faces this difficulty with the usual Continental blinkers. His bibliography mentions no English work, and his text cites no English example. Had he been less exclusive, he might have learned from Phené Spiers how deceptive has been the rebuilding of S. Front, Perigueux, and had he known Durham his account of what he calls "cross-vaulting" would have been improved.

"Forty Years of the Rajkumar College." By H.H. the Maharajah of Bhavnagar. Printed for private circulation. 1912.

The Delhi Durbar presented no more interesting body than the Imperial Cadets, who rode in the King's escort. It owes its existence to the Colleges for the sons of chiefs and nobles, from whom it is recruited. The first and most notable of these is the Rajkumar College, at Rajkot in Kathiwar, whose history has been collected and recorded in these seven sumptuous volumes by H.H. the Maharaja of Bhavnagar. It was in every way fitting that the work should have been undertaken by this accomplished chief, whose father was its first pupil. There are now three other institutions of the same type in Northern and Central India; but the Rajkumar College retains its pre-eminence. Their object is to bring up the young chiefs according to the best traditions of an English Public School. The conditions are not identical; they are adjusted to the different environment. But the ideals and aims are the same, and the significance of this memorial work is to show how profoundly they have impressed the youths who came under their influence. The College was happy in its first Principal, Chester Macnaghten, and his successors. It is now happy in its cultured and generous chronicler. If the work is of an exhaustive fullness somewhat out of proportion to its forty years of life, it shows the more clearly the influence it has exercised on its students and the attachment with which it has inspired them. The College has already in its short record much of which it may be proud. Among its other achievements it has taught "Ranji" to play cricket. Our thanks are due to the Maharaja for these handsome volumes.

"The Life and Letters of John Lingard." By Martin Haile and Edwin Bonney. London: Herbert and Daniel. 1912. s.

It is 140 years since John Lingard was born; and for half that period the Lingard papers have remained unpublished. In the meantime his fame has rather grown than faded. As an historian of the Stuarts he has stood tests of fairness and accuracy under which Macaulay and Carlyle have conspicuously failed. It was Lingard's misfortune in his own day to be the critic and censor of his more brilliant contemporaries; and it is only by lapse of time and increase of knowledge that Lingard has come to his own. In 1848 Lingard wrote to Dr. Oliver for a paper in his possession which he thought would probably contain much respecting the sufferings of Ireland from the cruelty and tyranny of Cromwell. This document, continues Lingard, "I might victoriously oppose to Carlyle's defence of that rascal. He is the god of Carlyle's idolatry: who . . . undertakes to prove that he governed Ireland with great forbearance and clemency. . . . Carlyle is a great gun among many persons, and I find it necessary to defend myself against his authority". Lingard's language here is as strong as any of Carlyle; but this is unbosoming in a private letter. Lingard's opinion of Macaulay is well shown in a letter to his publisher of 1849: "I send the papers back. Why did I send for them? Because I had introduced something from Macaulay. Afterward my conscience smote me that he had perhaps written from imagination. Now I am sure so".

"The Turco-Italian War and its Problems." By Sir Thomas Barclay. London: Constable. 1912. 5s. net.

Sir Thomas has no difficulty in demonstrating that Italy's action was high-handed and, indeed, little better than international brigandage. The contre-coup of this on Italy herself is yet to be seen, and we believe that a grave situation is preparing there as a result of the deception practised on the nation by the Government. As the author points out, moral right Italy had none so long as Sicily, Sardinia, and, he might have added, the Basilicata, remain in the condition

they do. Of course, too, the Treaty of Paris has been grossly violated throughout, and the annexation Decree has, under its terms, no value whatever without the acquiescence of all the Powers concerned. Sir Thomas is fair enough in indicating that Italy's real case was not the ostensible one. She had reasons for believing that the Porte was negotiating the lease of a port to another Power. His recommendation of a Foreign Affairs Committee for the House of Commons is disputable. The cases he cites of the United States and France are not really analogous. The United States Legislature has no hold whatever over the Ministry without some such powers: the Ministers are solely the creatures of the President; while the President of the French Republic may withhold any Treaty he thinks fit from the cognisance of the Legislature. We have a great respect for Mr. Ameer Ali, but his chapter on Mohammedan feeling is unconvincing. Other experts assert that the misfortunes of the Turks make little impression on general Moslem feeling. It is easy to get up some surface agitation, and gross insults to their religion would rouse resentment, but the Persian Parliament and the Young Turks may lose territory without affecting the Indian Mohammedans except a small cultivated section.

"The Tailed Head-hunters of Nigeria." By Major A. J. N. Tremearne. London: Seeley, Service. 1912. 16s. net.

The circumstantial story current in West Africa of a race of natives with tails has long been a puzzle to travellers. The rumour is widespread, and differs largely in substance among different tribes, but all accounts agree in placing the home of the tailed men somewhere among the mountains whose waters run down to the Benue River. Major Tremearne has now given us a clue to the origin of these reports in his account of the head-hunting tribes who inhabit the so-called "Pagan Belt" of Northern Nigeria, and whose married women wear a remarkable ornament in the shape of an artificial tail of palm fibre tightly bound with string and decorated with brass wire or beads. Several of these tribes are cannibals, and all are very wild and savage, but Major Tremearne, who lived for years in the centre of the head-hunters' country as Resident of Jemaan Daroro, finds many good qualities among them, and strongly deprecates the idea so often held by Europeans that savage races know nothing of morality, religion, respect for law, or self-sacrifice. Concerning the last he tells a true and tragic tale of a native girl who, little more than a century ago, gave her life to save her people under circumstances which in Europe would have ensured her name being handed down as a national heroine worthy to rank with Joan of Arc. The author's ethnological comparisons of the Northern Nigeria pagans with other races of the world are full of interest, and he draws many curiously close parallels between the habits of the African head-hunters and customs prevalent in Europe both in ancient and modern times.

"Later Letters of Edward Lear." Edited by Lady Strachey. London: Fisher Unwin. 1912. 15s. net.

Lear was doubtless fascinating and agreeable to meet; and his letters, if they did not arrive too frequently, were no doubt merrily received by his friends. To read them in bulk amuses one for five minutes, but fills one with enormous melancholy in ten. Perhaps it is that to-day nonsense is too common to be appreciated as highly as it was. The best passages in these letters testify rather to exuberant good spirits in the writer than to any very extraordinary power of raising them in his readers. "I never was in so dry a place in all my life. When the little children cry, they cry dust and not tears. There is some water in the sea, but not much;—all the wet-nurses cease to be so immediately on arriving;—Dryden is the only book read;—the neighbourhood abounds with Dryads and Hamdriads; and veterinary surgeons are unknown." This is Lear at his best in these letters. It shows his power to write agreeably, and his inevitable trick of spoiling his good things by running them to death. Lear's reputation will hardly gain by publication of his papers in bulk. He is best remembered in the description he usually gave of himself—Author of the Book of Nonsense.

"The Conservative and Unionist" for April is grimly humorous in its pictorial treatment of what it calls "The Black Month." In the frontispiece John Bull comes a "cropper" on an untried mount—Socialism. Another cartoon shows a working man suffering horrors from "A Bad Smoke", blended of Radicalism, Socialism, and Syndicalism (Flor de Georgia—nine for 4d.). "Never Again" says the victim. The Earl of Selborne contributes an article on the Government and the Second Chamber, entitled "Be These Your Gods, O Israel?"

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A SATISFACTORY YEAR—OIL FUEL.

THE fourteenth ordinary general meeting of shareholders of
the London and Thames Haven Oil Wharves Company, Limited,
was held on Wednesday, Sir Owen Philipps, K.C.M.G., M.P.,
(Chairman of the Company), presiding.

The Secretary (Mr. T. Clarkson J. Burgess) read the notice
convening the meeting.

The Chairman said: I am pleased to be able again to report
a satisfactory year's business. This is the sixth year in suc-
cession that the directors have been able to recommend the pay-
ment of a dividend at the rate of 8 per cent. You will see
that the reserve fund has been increased by £10,000 and that
it stands now at £40,000, and the amount carried forward is
£2000 more than before. During the year, as you are aware,
we offered the unissued portion of the ordinary shares—25,000
ordinary shares—to the shareholders, and the whole of these
have been allotted, and nearly all of them were taken up by
the shareholders in the proportions to which they were entitled.
The shares will rank for dividend as from 1 January of this
year. After this meeting the directors propose to recommend
you to pass a resolution creating 50,000 additional ordinary
shares, bringing up the capital of the Company to £250,000,
carrying on the policy which we have always followed, which
is to be ready and willing to meet the requirements of the
trade at all times. As to the business during the past year—
there have been some increases in certain articles due to the
development, and some decreases due to the present high
freights to which I have already alluded. The commercial
world appears, at last, to be awakening to the fact that there
are further possibilities in the oil trade. This question of oil
fuel for some years was dangled before their eyes, but they
would not have it. Now, in addition to the question of oil
fuel, to which I have alluded on many previous occasions, there
is the question of the Diesel engine, which, as you know, uses
the oil more economically in an internal combustion engine than
using it as oil fuel; and there are signs that its use will be
more widely extended before long. At the present time, to
show that those who are in the oil trade appreciate the fact
that there is a great future for oil, there are no fewer than
forty-five oil-carrying steamers being built, which will in the

near future be ready to deal with the increased carriage of oil when the demand extends. The thing that impresses me most about the coal strike is that it should have been possible for it to have lasted now for nearly four weeks with such extraordinarily little inconvenience to the great mass of the people in this country. I think it has been an eye-opener to many of the friends of the colliers to find that they could stop working for four weeks and yet practically the great mass of the trade of the country should be so very little interfered with. I hope this strike will do some good to the industry in which this Company is interested—namely, oil, for it will undoubtedly turn the attention of people more to oil than, perhaps, otherwise would have been the case. We, as oil wharfingers, are not interested in the oil trade; this Company are simply public servants who are servants of the oil trade. I believe that as long as the directors and shareholders are prepared to meet the requirements of the trade there will always be a great business for this Company to carry on. I have much pleasure in moving: "That the report and accounts for the year ended 31 December 1911, now presented, be adopted, and that a dividend on the Ordinary share capital of the Company, except those shares numbered 175,001-200,000, issued in November 1911, and on which dividends do not accrue until 1 January 1912, at the rate of 8 per cent. per annum, less income tax, be and the same is hereby declared payable out of the profits of the Company for the year ended 31 December 1911, and that the same be paid less the sum paid in advance of such dividend."

Mr. Alfred C. Adams (managing director) seconded the motion, which was agreed to.

A resolution increasing the capital by the creation of 50,000 additional ordinary shares of £1 each was then adopted.

MAZAWATTEE TEA COMPANY, LIMITED.

THE sixteenth ordinary general meeting was held on 25 March, at Cannon Street Hotel, E.C., Mr. John Lane Densham, Chairman of the Company, presiding.

The Chairman, in rising to move the adoption of the report and balance sheet, said: I wish first to place on record the deep regret felt by all the members of the board at the removal by death of their old colleague, Mr. Oswald, who, except during a period of eighteen months, has been a director ever since the inception of the Company. The directors have appointed Joseph Alexander Densham to fill the vacancy. The profit for the year amounts to £43,248 5s. 9d. The board considers this result most satisfactory, having regard to the abnormally high markets and heavy manufacturing costs which prevailed during the year under review. I think I am right in saying that if it had not been for the railway and other strikes in August of last year this Company's profits would have been very little, if any, short of the amount that was made during the preceding year; and, although I do not know the exact sum that was lost to the Company by extra expenditure and through work being stopped at our New Cross warehouse at that time, our managing director tells me that the loss altogether ran into some thousands of pounds. Now, taking these factors into consideration, and also the adverse conditions experienced in the tea, coffee, sugar and metal markets throughout the year, I have no hesitation in saying that the results shown to you should be considered most satisfactory, and also a proof of the solid nature of the business. With regard to the paragraph in which the directors inform you that our trading account shows a large gross increase, I may tell you that one of the features of the year is a continued and steady increase in the sales of Mazawattee tea, both in home and foreign markets, and the full benefit of the extra trade should be felt when any ease in the market price of tea and other commodities shows itself. We can only hope for the best, and continue to work for the benefit of the shareholders as hard as all the directors and staff have done during the year under review.

Mr. Alexander Jackson (managing director) seconded the resolution, which was carried unanimously.

Mr. Alexander Jackson, in moving the election of Joseph Alexander Densham as director of the Company, stated that Mr. Joseph Densham was the son of the Chairman, and had been connected with the business for some twelve years, during which time he had obtained considerable knowledge, and was fully qualified to fill the post of director, and indeed his appointment would add considerable strength to the board. The resolution was carried unanimously.

The proceedings terminated with a vote of thanks (proposed by Mr. A. H. Gamble, and carried unanimously) to the Chairman, his co-directors, and members of the staff.

CHANNEL COAST AND MEDITERRANEAN FREEHOLD RESORTS.

THE PREFERENCE DIVIDEND.

THE adjourned meeting of the Channel Coast and Mediterranean Freehold Resorts, Ltd., was held on Wednesday in the Great Hall of Cannon Street Hotel, Cannon Street, E.C., Mr. John Martin (Chairman of the Company) presiding.

Mr. C. Kitts, in the absence of the Secretary, read the notice convening the meeting.

The Chairman read the report of the directors, congratulating the shareholders upon the result of the first year's working of

the Company. They were already acquainted with the difficulties of considerable magnitude which presented themselves during the early months of last year, and which were successfully overcome. Many members had already visited Sainte Cécile, and testified to the undoubted charm possessed by that attractive seaside resort. As to the accounts, of the balance of £3211 available for distribution, £2979 had been distributed in paying a $7\frac{1}{2}$ per cent. dividend on the 39,732 Participating Preference shares, of which only 268 remained unallotted. They had sold during the year 5713 square metres of land, which had produced £3291, but the land had only cost about half that sum, and as the remainder of the area, some 244,287 square metres, had accordingly a potential value of more than double its cost, which compensated many times over for the fractional amount of land sold, they had not thought it necessary to set aside any part of the £3291 for capital depreciation. The trading account at the hotel had shown satisfactory gross receipts, and while they hoped in future to reduce their percentage of expenditure somewhat, they did not anticipate any very considerable decrease, as their policy of putting more money into the kitchen last summer had been found to be an immediate success. They had achieved a reputation for cuisine which had attracted a large number of the motoring and well-to-do classes and had brought them much chance restaurant business. As to the land sales, they had in hand at the moment firm business aggregating over £3000 and many inquiries which they believed would result in definite sales. Three of their shareholders had already purchased plots, and those wishing to acquire land at Sainte Cécile should make an early application. It might be pointed out that the Rue d'Armentières would be made up throughout its entire length at the cost of the Company, while it was proposed to extend the existing tramway the whole length of that road. The directors were unanimously of opinion that they had in the Company the making of a great financial success.

It was decided that a vote of the shareholders should be taken by card to ascertain whether they were in favour of raising an additional £25,000 of Seven-and-a-Half per Cent. Participating Preference shares with a view to increasing the accommodation of the Company's hotel by 200 bedrooms, making the total number of rooms 300.

The Chairman said they had enough business in hand to pay the $7\frac{1}{2}$ per cent. on February 28 next out of land sales alone, and he thought it would be in the interests of the shareholders that the hotel should be enlarged.

BANK OF NORTHERN COMMERCE.

"MEANS TO BRING NEW BUSINESS TO LONDON."

THE statutory general meeting of the shareholders of the British Bank of Northern Commerce, Ltd., was held at 41-43 Bishopsgate, London, on Monday, under the presidency of Earl Grey.

The Chairman said: The fundamental facts with regard to the bank have been published, and their publication has made a very favourable impression. £1,110,000 of our authorised capital has been issued, as you are aware, at 50 per cent. premium; and we have further the support and backing of not only leading men of business and finance, but of twenty-six of the best banks of Northern Europe, who have a united capital of over twenty millions sterling, with deposits of three times that amount.

I think it cannot be doubted that the establishment of this powerful amalgamation of Continental banks in the City of London will bring additional business to the City, and will also, I hope, stimulate a healthy trade between England and the northern countries of Europe, to the mutual and reciprocal benefit of all concerned. In referring to England I should like to make that an inclusive term, which will embrace other parts of the British Empire, especially not forgetting Canada, which I have reason to believe will benefit very greatly from the establishment of this bank.

I only wish to add that in founding this bank we have not been animated by any competitive desire to steal business from existing institutions. Our belief is that our bank will be the means of bringing new business to London. The fact that so many and such leading Continental banks have seen fit to amalgamate their interests and enter the City and its Money Market through the organisation of an English company shows how closely bound in sympathy, trade, and finance are the Northern races, and from the favourable reception which the bank has received it is obvious that the new enterprise is welcomed and appreciated in the City of London.

I do not think I need say anything further except that we may congratulate ourselves on our good fortune in securing as directors the gentlemen of high distinction who have been selected to represent the several nations interested in this bank. I trust that, starting as it does under the happiest auspices, it may have a prosperous career, and may prove to be a source of benefit both to my own country and to the sister countries so ably represented by the gentlemen with whom it is a pleasure and an honour to be associated.

Mr. Richard Winch: I do not think we should like to separate without expressing our wish that every success may attend this bank. We are very glad to see gathered around this table gentlemen who will represent the northern countries of Europe, and with you as our chairman we wish a very hearty success to this new enterprise.

The Chairman: Thank you very much, Mr. Winch. I appreciate your coming here very greatly to give us a good send-off.

The proceedings then terminated.

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